THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A TRIBUTE.

[The following lines from the pen of John G. Whittier, have been sent to us by a lady reader, as being very appropriate to the death of our President.—*Ed.*]

One day, along the electric wire
His manly word for Freedom sped;
We came next morn; that tongue of fire
Said only, "He who spake is dead!"

Dead! while his voice was living yet
In echoes round the pillared dome!
Dead! while his blotted page lay wet
With themes of state and loves of home.

Dead! in that crowning grace of time,
That triumph of life's zenith hour!
Dead! while we watched his manhood's prime
Break from the slow bud into flower!

Dead! he so great, and strong, and wise,
While the mean thousands yet drew breath;
How deepened, through that dread surprise,
The mystery and the awe of death!

From the high place whereon our votes
Had borne him, clear, calm, earnest, fell
His first words like the prelude notes
Of some great anthem yet to swell.

We seemed to see our flag unfurled,
Our champion waiting in his place
For the last battle of the world—
The Armageddon of the race.

* * * * *

No wild enthusiast of the right,
Self-poised and clear he showed alway
The coolness of his northern night
The ripe repose of autumn's day.

His steps were slow, yet forward still
He pressed where others paused or failed;
The calm star climb with constant will—
The restless meteor flashed and paled!

* * * * *

We sweep the land from hill to strand,
We seek the strong, the wise, the brave,
And sad of heart return to stand
In silence by a new-made grave!

* * * * *

Mightier than living voice his grave
That lofty protest utters o'er;
Through roaring wind and smiting wave
It speaks his hate of wrong once more.

Men of the North! your weak regret
Is wasted here; arise and pay
To freedom and to him your debt,
By following where he led the way!

LUCILE REMBRANT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER,

AUTHOR OF "ORA, THE LOST WIFE," &c.

CHAPTER I.

"A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command."

"Lucile."

The lady addressed turned quickly from the window, and an angry light flashed from her dark eyes full upon the man she confronted. He smiled, regarding the slender figure drawn to its full height, and that peerless face flushed and resentful with haughty surprise. In meeting his gaze of triumphant satisfaction, a change came over her instantly. Every feature settled into quiet repose, and the graceful figure lost its queenly stiffness. One moment transformed her from the woman of feeling to a statue—white, still, passionless.

"You honor me with a new name, sir," she said, in passive, unruffled tones. And then she fell into silence, leaning against the window casement, with eyes uplifted to the stars, as if they only, of all the world, embodied a shadow of interest."

"It is a pretty name," he replied, after the lapse of a minute. "I like it better than cold 'Mrs. Rembrant.' I am sorry you do not seem to like it; however, I think you will get used to it after awhile. Shall we go back to the saloons? I fear the bright, particular star may be missed."

Without waiting for assent to the proposal, he drew her hand within his arm, holding it with a lingering pressure that recalled the crimson to her cheek, and the angry light to her eyes. Evidently his tone and manner galled her to the very verge of endurance. Some secret motive kept her silent now, but he knew there was a limit to his power, and guarded himself. A deep sigh, stifled before it had advent, told him how severe was the struggle for self-control, and looking into her rapidly changing face, he beheld signs that warned him to go no further. His hand fell from hers, and his eyes roved carelessly over the crowded rooms. As carelessly he talked to her of the place, the people, and their manners, in that quiet undertone, which well-bred persons use oftentimes to say sarcastic and unjust things of their neighbors.

Soon they stood where the tide of life surged deepest, and Mrs. Rembrant's hand was claimed for a dance just forming. Young Lucian resigned his father's wife to her partner with a profound bow and a smile; then, as they took their places, he moved away in search of the hostess.

Mrs. Gillman was not far off. In a moment she caught his eye and beckoned him to her with her fan.

"How selfish you are," she said, lightly, as he approached. "I declare, your monopoly of your fair relative is almost loverlike. One would think you feared the sudden unfolding of a pair of wings on the white shoulders, or that some one might spirit her away. I am disposed to quarrel with you."

"So I observed, to my profound regret. I think I need your pity more than I deserve your censure, however. Think what a cross it must be to a gay, young bachelor, to have a grey-haired sire step in before him and win such a prize!"

"To be sure; I did not put the matter in that light, at all. I am not surprised at your jealous care of her, though, Mr. Rembrant. Of all the persons I ever met, I think she is the most fascinating."

"That is the word—'fascinating!' you could have expressed her power with no other. As the needle to the magnet, she draws you to her, and you cannot help it. It is a rare gift, and a beautiful one. But its chief charm is not developed here. You should see her among the poor of the village."

"Do you tell me that she has already identified herself with their interests? Princeton has not claimed her a month, as yet."

"True," and he smiled quietly. "But my fair 'mother' is a woman of more energy than is usually found in her sex, and it must have some channel through which to flow. In one of her temperament, it can go out to no other than good purposes; so it here directs itself toward the people. If she lives to grow old, she will be likely to have 'hobbies.' This class of women almost surely work themselves into the grave. Mrs. Rembrant will tell you that all her beauty, all her health, strength, mental power and cultivation, serve but to make her duty the more imperative—her responsibilities greater. She takes life as a serious thing."

"How do you mean? religiously?"

"Conscientiously, at least. I think Mrs. Rembrant very liberal in her religious views. She will enter a scene like this and enjoy it, in her own way. Gay life does not just suit her taste, but she likes the study of human nature, and in scenes like this, the opportunity is all a student of this mysterious volume could ask. Besides, she appreciates her position—fully acknowledges the claims of society. If she loves her home best, she is not selfish in it. I see the set is over, however, and will beg you to excuse me for indulging in what may appear fulsome praise of my father's wife. May I bring her to you now?"

"Certainly. Pray do, at once."

Lucian bowed and retired. In a moment he came back with Mrs. Rembrant upon his arm, and the three entered into a lively conversation.

While thus engaged, Lucile's eyes wandered across the room and fixed a pair of dark orbs intently gazing upon herself. Something in their look sent a quicker pulsation to her heart, but there was no change of her features. It was merely a small, dark lady, richly dressed in crimson satin, with glittering diamond ornaments, leaning upon the arm of her husband, who towered far above her. Memory fixed them in their proper places at once, and she turned her eyes carelessly aside. With them she did not wish anything to do. A broad gulf was between.

Mrs. Rembrant was claimed again for the next dance, and moved away laughing at some gay remark of Mrs. Gillman, while Lucian crossed the room. A moment later, Lucile's eyes in following his course, caught a glimpse of the little dark lady as he drew her arm within his own. Almost before she could realize it Lucian had placed the stranger almost directly opposite, though in another set.

"You must introduce me," she heard her say once in the pauses of the dance. "I cannot keep my eyes off her, and she will think me fearfully rude. There is such a haunting sense of familiarity in her face, I cannot rid myself of the thought that I must at some time have seen her."

More was said, but the music drowned her voice, and Mrs. Rembrant changed color a little. When the dance was ended she turned quickly to avoid the dreaded introduction, and was soon lost in the crowd.

As the evening waned, Lucile grew weary and longed to make her escape. A worldly woman would have smiled could she have looked into the mind of Mrs. Rembrant, and discovered how often her thoughts wandered from all this brilliance to her quiet chamber at home where she knew a gray-haired, invalid husband awaited her return. The beautiful, stately lady, who moved so gracefully through the throng, followed by a suite of admirers wherever she went, would have found it difficult to make a soul in that assembly believe she was not in it from her own choice, and had been induced to come only because her husband desired her to do so. The fashionable world has such a passion for folly, when one chances to rise above it, a most woeful lack of approbation is sure to follow as the result.

Once, when near the doors of the conservatories, the longing to get away for a few moments alone became intense. Lucian had just given his arm for a promenade, and for a little while she might be free if she could only rid herself of his attendance. Luckily for her that young gentleman happened to be very desirous of presenting Mrs. Prior, the little dark lady, and she allowed him to place her upon a sofa while he went in search of the stranger.

The moment he turned away, she rose and glided into the dim, cool recesses of the long conservatory. Spicy sweetness filled the air, and the murmur of a fountain as it came through the open windows had a soothing in it almost blissful. She found a little rustic stool at the lower end, and placing it in the shadow of some tall plants and shrubs, seated herself with a glad feeling of relief, intending, however, to remain but a few moments in this pleasant retreat.

Two figures entered the conservatory by a distant door and walked slowly toward the spot where she sat. Thinking to let them pass her and return as they came she remained quiet, while they advanced in earnest conversation. When in the very shadow of her retreat they paused, and their words fell distinctly upon her ear. A passionate avowal of love, and a trembling response were uttered, chilling her blood with horror as she listened, for both voices were familiar. Mrs. Prior's silvery, bird-like tones once heard could never be forgotten. Mr. Steadman, her companion, had been a college chum of Lucian's, and she had seen him in her own house more than once. What wonder if this pure-minded, high-souled woman shrank farther away and shuddered as his low-spoken, yet vehement words reached her.

"Yes, Fannie," he said, "I have come to that point where I feel every vestige of forbearance deserting me. I can endure this life no longer. You must end the torture, or I care not what becomes of me. A curse, and worse than a curse has existence been to me for many a long and weary day. Yet I have been patient for your sake, because I believed in your love. What has the past been—what does the future promise? Nothing but misery if you still drive me apart from you. Think! Together, in some distant land how happy we may be, if you will only summon courage to cast off these hateful bonds and be free. Promise me that you will! Fannie! Fannie, promise to go with me"

Lucile's heart ached with torture as she waited for the reply to his pleading. There was a struggle. She knew it by the quick gasping breath, and a silent prayer came through the white lips of the listener—a prayer for victory over the Evil One, who was tempting the wife from her allegiance—the mother from her child. Would she forget all her womanly purity and principle? Would she yield? Every nerve quivered with the strain put upon it while she waited.

It came at last—a low, trembling assent, and sick with anguish, Lucile saw him fold her in his arms for an instant—heard his rapturous murmur of thanks. A minute later, they had gone, and only the soft falling of the water in the fountain could be heard. Lower and lower sank the stately head, and the hands were pressed hard over her heart.

"Treachery and deceit everywhere! Oh! where can I turn and find it not? It makes me sick of life, sick of the world." She groaned bitterly. "I wonder if it is a sin to wish that I could leave it now and forever!"

With a slow, sad step and face, she rose and walked back toward the saloons. It was fearful to have to go in there with all the misery in her heart throbbing there so heavily now; but she knew that Lucian would soon be seeking her in her retreat, and chose rather to let him find her in the crowd.

The seat she had left was still vacant, and she resumed it. Five minutes later, Lucian came up with Mrs. Prior on his arm, and his look assured her that she had not been missed. His words were yet a stronger confirmation.

"I hope you will pardon my delay. I have had to search the whole house for our fair neighbor. Mrs. Prior, allow me to present you to my father's wife, Mrs. Rembrant."

Lucile bowed quietly, lifting her eyes to the little dark, sparkling face. Her heart hardened toward the woman as she noted its bright, undisturbed expression. Was she utterly unprincipled and unfeeling? Did the thought of the wrong she was doing a good and noble man waken no sting of conscience to ruffle and throw shadows over that bright face?

The little lady sat down composedly beside her, and chatted of a dozen things devoid of interest.

"She had been from home, and therefore missed the pleasure of meeting her new neighbor until now. Princeton felt that it had received a great addition to its society, and she hoped that Mrs. Rembrant would find her residence there not only a pleasant, but a very happy one. She and the doctor promised themselves the delight of calling upon her very soon indeed, and trusted that the families might speedily become friends."

All this from her, when the promise to leave that home and family had not yet grown cold upon her lips! Mrs. Rembrant could scarcely conceal the shudder of disgust that crept through her whole frame. Polite, cold acknowledgments was all she could force herself to give, and soon the little lady was chilled into taking leave. Lucian gave her back into the care of her husband, and offered his arm to Lucile.

"Come out upon the balcony," he begged, when they had crossed the room. "The saloons are hot—stifling! How people can dance in them with any degree of enjoyment is a mystery to me. I would rather drive a cart all day through the sun, than to pass through such an ordeal. I should at least have the benefit of pure air, instead of this poisonous atmosphere. Ah! this is delicious!"

They had stepped upon the balcony, and a cool breeze swept over them. He inhaled its freshness with evident delight, tossing the waves of hair back from his brow as he lifted his face in the moonlight.

Lucile leaned over the railing, toying with the June roses that clambered and clung about it. Her thoughts were absorbed. She did not even heed him when he bent to fold her scarf more closely around her white shoulders. He had to chide her before he could win her attention.

"I fear you are careless, coming from those hot rooms into the fresh air without better protection. I must tell my father to take care of you, or we may lose you altogether.

In spite of herself, she felt the angry blood again rising to her cheeks. He was determined never to leave her in peace, and the constant annoyance of his allusions galled her fearfully. A minute later, he started off on another subject.

"By the way, what a little chatterbox Mrs. Prior is! To-night she was telling me, while we danced, that your face was familiar. Did you ever meet her before?"

"You forget that I am a stranger and that she has been absent from Princeton since I came to it," she answered coldly.

"I thought you might have met her somewhere else."

She did not reply.

"But, if you had, you certainly would not have forgotten it. Mrs. Prior is not a person one could readily forget, and you have a good memory. I dare say ten years hence you will remember every word that I have said—everything I have done to-night."

"No. What you say or do I shall, perhaps, remember less than anything. I do not tax my mind with things for which I have no care."

He winced, but smiled in the same breath. There was a decided satisfaction in forcing this proud woman to such an assumption of indifference when he knew that every word he uttered stung and rankled. With a mocking show of respect he bowed, exclaiming:

"Thanks, fair Lucile. You are disposed to be complimentary. Allow me to make my acknowledgments;" and bending his head quickly, he kissed the little hand toying with the roses.

Instantly she snatched it away and stepped back haughtily, the outrage blanching her cheeks to a deathly pallor.

"Beware, Lucian Rembrant! You cannot go further than this, helpless as you think me. One more insult—one more attempt to annoy, and I will acquaint my husband with it all. This thing I will bear no longer, and you have put upon me the last insult I shall brook tamely."

"Ah! you threaten! I thought you too proud to speak in anger, but I was mistaken! Good! I hate tame women. By Jupiter, how beautiful it makes you to get angry. I envy my father at this moment more than ever before in my life."

It was terrible to behold the mortal agony that swept over the beautiful face at this. The white teeth were set hard against the full lip, crushing it mercilessly, while both hands clutched the folds of her dress beneath her scarf. The moonbeams showed him the anguished eye, the knit brow—the trembling frame; but while he looked, she turned her back upon him suddenly, and stepped within the room they had left, gliding with swift steps toward Mrs. Gillman. He divined her intention at once and intercepted her, coolly presenting his arm.

"You will excite attention," he whispered rapidly, then added aloud: "Allow me to see you to the refreshment saloon. Supper has just been announced."

She could not refuse, with a hundred eyes upon her, and there was no help for it; so she suffered him to lead her out and seat her at the brilliant table, while the bright face of Mrs. Prior smiled at her over a pyramid of flowers. The Doctor was upon one side, Mr. Steadman upon the other, and between them she could sit with that smiling lip! Lucile forgot her own anger and pain in thinking of another's perfidy. Had she not seen and heard all that passed in the conservatory, nothing could have won her credulity in the matter of that woman's treachery. So looked so innocent—so almost child-like, as she turned from one to the other, chatting gayly.

Dr. Prior was a noble looking man, gentle and courtly in his manner. Lucile's heart ached as she noted his devotion to his wife, and his trust in their companion. It seemed to her as if a sword hung over his head, ready to snap the thread of his life without an instant's warning. He did not look like one who could survive shame and dishonor to those he loved. And there was something so touching in his utter unconsciousness. Lucile had to drop her eyes to conceal the tears which suffused them involuntarily.

"God pity him," she thought compassionately. "Oh, what a fearful thing it is to be so false, so cruel. The serpent who tempted Eve could not be more subtle than she—this beautiful, heartless woman."

After re-entering the saloons, she saw Mrs. Prior's party no more until about to retire. Then the lady herself was in the dressing room. She stood by a table, cloaked and hooded, carefully regarding a quaint article of Chinese manufacture. Lucile went to her side, and there was a ring of sternness in the warning she uttered as she bent to her ear.

"Beware, Fannie Prior. Remember, you are a wife and a mother!"

Her own form screened the little figure from the sight of those in the room. No one but herself saw the sudden start and deathly pallor, and to cover it, she bade her good night in a courteous manner, leaving her the moment after.

The drive home was a silent one. To the few remarks made by Lucian she did not vouchsafe any reply, and he soon dropped into a lazy attitude of utter indifference, being too tired and sleepy to derive pleasure from her annoyance. When the carriage stopped before the door, he got out and presented his hand to assist her. Without taking it, she sprang lightly to the ground and ran up the steps in haste to escape him. The action stung him into retaliation.

"How good of you to leave the bright scene honored by your presence to-night, at so early an hour, and return to the performance of your conjugal duties. I am sure my father has reason to be proud of his model wife—especially when she is so young and fair."

The door swung open at this moment, and she glided past him, swiftly ascending the stairs. A glance into her husband's chamber showed him sleeping peacefully, and with noiseless step she crossed to her dressing room, where, after casting off costly silks and jewels, she sank upon her knees by a window and wept passionately.

CHAPTER II.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings—not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most; feels the noblest; acts the best."—*P. J. Bailey.*

"He most lives who thinks most; feels the noblest; acts the best," repeated Lucile, dropping the volume upon her lap and looking afar over the scene stretching in surpassing beauty before her eyes, as she leaned over the open window. The sun was just tipping the distant hills with gold, and the cool morning breezes lifted the brown curls lightly from her cheeks. One would hardly have supposed while gazing upon the fresh, sweet face, that the eyes had never once closed in slumber during the night, but that instead, the weary hours had been spent in tears, self-communion, struggles for self-control and patience. For more than an hour she had sat by her dressing-room window, pondering over favorite passages of Scripture. Then she took up *Bailey*, and her eye fell upon the lines with which we head this chapter.

"He is right," she still thought, "we should count time by heart-throbs. Not one should go by unheeded. With each beat, we are a step nearer Eternity. With every sand that slips from the glass of Time, our opportunity for good is passing away. Human power is meagre at best. The little we do in the world, is like only a drop of water added to the ocean. Yet, had every one hesitated to do what he could, discouraged at the smallness of his capacity, what would the world have become ere this?

"Can it be true that we must account for 'every thought, word, and deed?' If so, what a terrible array will be brought up against some of us in the Judgment Day! Can it be that the neglect of a thing we should do, amounts to as great a sin as the commission of that which is evil? I tremble at the thought of its truth, for, oh how much have *I* left undone—faltering as I have, at every step; shrinking from the duties plainly pointed out by my sense of right, because the step I must take to accomplish them, led me against thorns. Will there be no excuse for those who have almost impenetrable barriers in their way, requiring all their strength to pass over them and leaving them worn and helpless? I cannot persuade myself that there will, though I would fain do so. Jesus took up the cross and carried it upon His shoulder, knowing He must die upon it. He neither shrank nor murmured. It was His Father's will, and a world was to be saved by the action. *I* may not even save one life by anything that I can do; but I may avert suffering. I may point some one to a path where happiness can be found; and though I should suffer myself in the endeavor, can I hesitate to follow the great example given me here?"

She laid her hand reverently upon the Bible which lay on a stand at her side. Noble feelings were swelling into high resolves. The darkness that had fallen so heavily over her young head

in her new life, had not blinded her sense of good; but as she struggled on, it dawned upon her vision more clearly. In the space of twenty years, she had lived over experiences that gave to her young mind the wisdom of middle age. Swiftly shifting scenes of gloom and sunshine, had taught her the instability of earthly happiness. And if her heart bled over each new hope shattered, she rose from its ruins to struggle upward into higher purposes of life—into nobler thought and actions.

All the bitterness of the last night had been wept away. A calm and gentle spirit was the result of a long night's suffering, and she felt strong to bear what might come. It was well that she had thus fortified herself for approaching trials. They were destined to prove greater than her worst fears ever conjectured.

The sound of the breakfast-bell startled her from her musings, and she looked at her watch to find that two hours had sped since the sun first crept up over the hills. A remorseful twinge for her forgetfulness of a duty unperformed amid all her resolves, made her hasten from the room to join her husband.

He had finished dressing, and was sitting in his large chair awaiting her. His face was gentle and kind, looking the more noble and generous with the expression of tenderness that greeted her as she approached and lightly stooping, printed a kiss on the brow from which she pushed back the silvered locks.

"You are an early riser, my dear, considering the dissipation of last night," he said smilingly. "I fear you have not slept enough."

"O, I shall do very well," she answered cheerfully. "I feel as bright and fresh as if I had not 'dissipated' at all."

"If you feel as bright as you look I shall be satisfied; for you are as charming as the rosy morning itself."

"And you are a flatterer," she answered, blushing, as she gave him her arm to lead him to the breakfast-room. When able to walk at all, no other was ever allowed to perform this office, and his happy face was enough compensation. She had sacrificed her youth and beauty to his happiness, and lived only for that purpose.

Lucian joined them at the table, looking handsome and indolent. To his father, whose eyes rested proudly upon him, he was most kind, a certain tenderness pervading his manner of doing any little service, or deferring to his wishes. Scrupulously polite and respectful to his father's wife in the presence of others, it is no wonder if she realized with a silent shudder the danger of coping with so subtle an enemy. While the two chatted pleasantly through the meal, she sat silent and thoughtful, uttering a word only at intervals, to keep the conversation going.

"You must hasten to get well, father," Lucian said, folding his napkin, a humorous smile upon his lips. "Mrs. Rembrant needs the protection of your presence when she goes into society. I feared last night we should lose her entirely, she was so besieged by admirers. When, remembering you, I persisted in following her up to take care of her, our fair hostess charged me with a jealous monopoly, unfair to say the least."

Mr. Rembrant's eyes turned upon his wife with a look of proud affection. She knew that he gloried in her beauty, and met his glance with a full, sweet frankness devoid of all fear, though the flush Lucian's words had kindled in her cheeks did not leave them for some moments. In the bitter cup of her life, there was one sweet and precious portion. He understood her lofty nature, which scorned even a thought of wrong. He knew that she stood far above the weaknesses and vanities of the world, and trusted her entirely. Nothing could reb her of this blessing. In it she felt secure, and it was one of the links which bound her to him so firmly—which strengthened her resolve to make the remainder of his life happy. Lucian saw the glances which passed between them, and was disconcerted. He had missed his aim. To cover his defeat, he changed the subject at once.

"When do you propose sending for my sister?"

"Very soon," his father answered in a brisk, cheerful manner. "She must come home and get acquainted with her new 'mamma.'"

"Let me go for her. I can drive to Hampstead in a day, and it will be pleasanter for the child I believe, though, I am not fond of children I am really anxious to see my little Fidy. Why not go at once?"

"There is no reason why you should not, if you wish it, my son. It will seem like home again to have the child back once more. Lucile, she is a lovable little thing. I am sure you will be friends."

He had said this often before, but Lucile was not so sure of its certainty, since Lucian chose to exhibit so warm an interest in the child's return. Flora had been sent to the care of a distant relative before Mr. Rembrant's marriage, and he had not seemed over anxious to burthen his young wife with the care of his daughter so soon after bringing her home. Now, however, Lucian's proposal had wakened a keen desire to see his pet, and present her to Lucile. He had no fear that they might fail to be friends. His wife's nature was too tenderly loving and noble to allow a barrier to come between her and a little child equally loving in her nature.

The same day, only an hour or two later, Lucian started for Hampstead. Mrs. Rembrant saw him drive through the Park gates with a feeling of positive relief. Two days of peace was the delightful purchase of his absence. For the rest she would trust in God.

In the afternoon Mr. Rembrant was visited by his physician a gentleman of fine talent and cultivation. The old doctor, who had been his family physician for years, had recently died, and his nephew had stepped into his place without opposition. Though a total stranger, he was one of the few who could win confidence and esteem at once and without effort. His face was fine and true, his manner kind and genial. Already he had gained a firm footing in Princeton. Among the first and best of his friends stood Mr. Rembrant.

Dr. Thane had been shown up to Lucile's pleasant sitting-room, where she was engaged in reading aloud to her husband. When he entered, she laid the book aside and joined the two gentlemen in conversation, to the evident pleasure of both. She liked the doctor's frank, pleasant face fully as well as her husband did, and the liking was mutual. From a certain degree of curiosity, excited by the gossip concerning her marriage with a man double her age, he had been led to study her rather closely. The result was so favorable, he now found himself regarding her with an honor and esteem amounting to veneration.

"I understand you attended Mrs. Gillman's party last night," he said, addressing her with a smile. "I hope you enjoyed the evening."

"Thank you. It was quite pleasant, but I believe I do not enjoy such things as most ladies do. I confess to a decided preference for home."

Mr. Rembrant laughed good-naturedly.

"You will scarcely believe that I had to argue her into going, doctor. Only for me, she would forswear society entirely. Because my health will not permit me to share it with her, she tries to beg off; but we owe a certain duty to Princeton, and she must perform for both of us. Fortunately my son is home to attend her. I fear I shall not soon go into the world again."

There was a slight touch of sadness in his tone, which caused Lucile to drop her eyes. When she raised them, Dr. Thane detected the tears she had endeavored to conceal. She neither shrank nor blushed in catching his glance, and had he not believed it before, he would have assumed from that hour, the certainty of her truth and goodness. Young and beautiful as she was, no sordid, pitiful notions had actuated her in marrying Mr. Rembrant. Whatever they might have been, they were good and pure.

After discussing various topics for awhile, Mr. Rembrant came back to Princeton and its society. How did the doctor like it so far? Strangers could judge better of the true merit of a place than one of its own inhabitants. Doctor Thane saw that it was a hobby with his good patron, and smiled, though he answered sincerely:

"It is one of the most remarkable places I ever saw. I am puzzled to account for one peculiar feature—an almost total absence of the poorer classes of humanity."

"It is a remarkable feature in a town of this size, but it is easily accounted for. The place was once owned by Mr. Archibald Prince, from whom it took its name. When it came into his possession, it was a mere tract of land of twenty square miles, and was all that was left to him out of a magnificent estate, which went to an elder brother. Rumor said that the lad was bitter at first, with regard to the injustice done him in his father's settlement of the estate. Being philosophical, however, he resolved to make the best of it. An idea quite novel was conceived in the young man's brain. He managed to interest some moneyed men, who took a portion of it off his hands. With the proceeds he cleared a space then lying in an unbroken line of forest, and built a handsome house. The purchasers followed his example, enhancing the value of the land greatly, which in a few years was divided into lots and sold. Prince accepted offers from none who failed to come up to his standard of wealth and gentility; so, at the end of thirty years, this little town was built up and inhabited by a strictly aristocratic class of people. Each man had cottages built upon his own grounds, for his workmen and their families; so there could not spring forth an element so degraded as we find in the cities. For bakers, butchers, and all useful tradesmen, a legitimate field was opened, and the shrewd Princetonians knew just how many they could afford to support. No more were admitted, and this accounts for the absence of poverty in our midst to-day. Twenty poor families cannot be found in Princeton, who know what it is to suffer from poverty."

"And these, I hear, are to be transported to other quarters," said Mrs Rembrant. "I heard yesterday, through Mrs. Norris, one of the poorest of these people, that there is talk of raising a fund for such a purpose. Mr. Davis, one of the leading men of the place, considers it a blot upon its beauty to have them here, and is agitating the matter seriously. I hope it may not be carried out. The community is a rich one, and ought to be willing to support its own poor."

"You are right," said the doctor. "I look upon this element as one of its blessings. Without the contrast of the two extremes of society, we must necessarily lose the wholesome effect it has upon us. We are apt to become inflated with self-importance, and to forget the better impulses of our natures, because there is nothing to call them forth. A drain upon our sympathies keeps humane feeling alive."

"Yes. Rid of this charity class I do not know what some of us would do for employment. Our power to do good, at best, is not large, and we can ill afford to spare what we have."

Mr. Rembrant turned his head to look at her as she uttered those words in her sweet, earnest way.

"Does your power to accomplish good stop here, my dear?"

"No, not wholly. Yet it is principally confined to it. Those to whom Fortune has been kind are self-sufficient, and will repel us. I can see but few ways in which we may materially benefit our equals. Perhaps I should say morally, rather. Materially, we cannot benefit them. Refined, educated, wealthy, there are no avenues of approach whatever their need may be—save on an equal footing. Among them, the whole aim and purpose of a life may be lost. With the poor, ignorant, dependent ones, it is different. We approach without hesitation, give without fear, and go away happy in their happiness, gladdened by their blessings and our power to bestow relief."

"Right again. But do not undervalue your power with your so-called 'equals,' Mrs. Rembrant. Among them you will find qualities wanting, mentally and morally, which only the influence of a strong, true man or woman can supply. I have frequently been surprised to note the effect produced in a little circle by one earnest, energetic person. A word to stimulate the indolent, to arouse the careless—an example for the charitable—a clear, steady active brain which can set aside obstacles and clear paths to every branch of usefulness. *This* is the kind of person we rarely meet, who when found, is invaluable. I think such an one is needed in Princeton," and his look said as he rose to take his leave, "I have no doubt she has found it."

"A splendid fellow—that Doctor Thane," was Mr. Rembrant's hearty observation as the street door closed upon him. "In all my life I have seldom seen a man I like so well. The very embodiment of truth and goodness."

Lucile's eyes sparkled brightly. She shared her husband's feeling to such an extent, his words gave her genuine pleasure. She was as faithful and warm in her likings as unerring in her instincts, and all he said of the new doctor was sincerely indorsed by her own judgment. He saw the look of pleasure, felt her warm, soft lips upon his brow, under which his eyes closed dreamily. Lying back upon his sofa he fell into a pleasant reverie, holding his wife's hand within his own, till the entrance of a servant with a message that a lady below wished to see Mrs. Rembrant, disturbed them. With another gentle caress she arranged the pillows under his head more comfortably, and left the room.

On descending to the parlor, she found to her utter surprise Mrs. Prior awaiting her, who rose and came forward to meet her with a white, anguished face. The sight of it sent a thrill of mingled pleasure and pain through her heart. She was not wholly heartless after all. She could suffer, and in the heart not wholly dead to pain some spark of principle must live. With a mute gesture which unconsciously conveyed a command, Mrs. Rembrant pointed her to a seat, and waited for her to speak.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1866.

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"LITTLE CHIPPIE."

We have seen parrots that could talk distinctly, but do not remember ever to have seen a canary that could excel in this art until quite recently. A lady friend of ours in this city, has a little pet of the canary tribe, which is fourteen years old, and can really talk with perfect distinctness, using not only words, but sentences. Having seen this little wonder, we can vouch for its accomplishments from actual sight and hearing. Among the things uttered so distinctly that any stranger can readily understand them, are the assurances:—"I be pretty little Chippie." "I be sweet little Chippie." "Chippie talk." "I'll catch him," &c. It is delightful to hear the words trilled in the sweet bird-voice.

Chippie's mistress often has merry times with him. He will sit on her shoulder, pet and caress her tenderly, or fly to the floor to play bo-peep with childlike relish. Hiding behind a chair, or any convenient object, *Chippie* becomes perfectly deaf to all his mistress's comments and wonderings as to "where her little *Chippie* can be." And after a time, out will come the little head, peering cautiously around with a soft "peep," then a little gleeful flutter attesting his delight in the game.

Chippie's mistress assures us that he has never been in the sun in his life, nor been allowed to hang in a damp place. She is as careful of his food as of the temperature or air, and when moulting, only permits him to have plain canary seed. At other times he has nice salad, potatoes and canary seed. Twice every week he has a nice hard-boiled egg, and his present health and life attest the wisdom of her care. He is as merry and active as any little bird, and sings sweetly, to say nothing of the unwearied chatter of *small talk* he retails for the household entertainment.

If Signor Blitz had Chippie, he could make a little fortune with him—provided he could make people believe that it was not ventriloquism instead of the native intelligence of the bird.

B. Z. S.

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South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Rio Grande—Water Privileges—Slave Temper—Prison Life—Police Regulations—Giving the Countersign.

Although the city of Rio Grande, as I have, I think, somewhere else observed, is built on a low sandy peninsula, in no place elevated more than a few feet above the water level of the bay, and almost anywhere in the city very tolerable drinking water may be had by digging from five to ten feet; by the Solonic wisdom of the municipal authorities no one is allowed to sink a well or put down a pump on his premises. All must resort to—*os olhas des agua* (eyes of water), as the public wells are called, of which there are three in the city, though the water of two of them being of inferior quality, the remaining one is the main spring of water supply for the whole city.

To obtain water from this well, or any one of them, however near or remote may be your locality from the fountain head, one must either have a negro, or be a negro himself, for the reason that it would be an utter, everlasting disgrace for any white person to be seen carrying a pitcher, pail or jar of water, though he were so poor and mean that to black a pair of boots for a *mulin*, or pick a pocket for what he could get, would be a necessity. There are, however, plenty of professional water carriers, both male and female, of whom water may be purchased at the door for a trifle, say about nine gallons for two cents.

These water carriers of both sexes are supplied with a stout, iron-bound keg, holding nine gallons or so, and having one head and a huge bullock's horn, to which is attached a long bamboo pole, by boring a hole through the horn about midway between base and tip, and fitting in it the butt of the bamboo. Thus equipped they gather about the well, which is curbed or walled up with brick, the wall rising about three feet above the sandy surface, and is twenty inches or so in thickness. Planting their kegs on this wall, they dip down their long tailed horns, like so many geese drinking about a jar, bringing up a pint of water at a dip, until the keg is filled, when it is poised on the head, the horn thrust back over the shoulder, and away goes the carrier through the streets, uttering his or her shrill, foolish cry of "*kent po kent, kent,*" until somebody buys, and they return to the well again.

As there is no tax or charge of any kind upon the use of this public water, and the quantity is in no case restricted, the philosophy of the public policy in prohibiting citizens from putting down their own wells or pumps, is not very clear. Perhaps the employment of the slaves may have something to do with it, for the rule holds good in Brazil, as everywhere else, that the more idleness there is for the African, the more indolent, irascible and unmanageable he invariably becomes.

Though the mass of the African population, either native or imported, slave and free, is very much superior to our North American stock, there are some exceedingly uncomfortable traits of character among them, particularly with the Menas from the East coast, who are the predominating race in all the southern provinces. With a Mena, corporeal punishment is a degradation that he dreads more than death. You may work him, starve him, drive him to his drudgery naked, abuse him as you will, and he submits uncomplainingly. You may even beat him, and he will endure that. But take care you do not threaten to beat him to-morrow, or the chances are there will be a dead Mena for you to bury if he belongs to you, to pay for if you hire his services. Let us illustrate:

I had an intimate acquaintance, a young German gentleman, Consul at Portalegre for Hamburg, who came down from Rio, where he had lived several years, and directly established himself in the hide business, purchasing twenty negroes, male and female, all Menas, to work in his warehouse.

One night I met Mr. Mintzer at a party—it was some six months after his entering into business, and he began telling me of a trouble he had with his slaves. He had suspected them for a long time of stealing his hides and selling them to other parties, and that day having fully convicted, he had shut them all up together in his warehouse, with the assurance that on the following day he would have them all flogged. Happening to know that the slaves were all Menas, I said to Mr. Mintzer:

"It is very probable, sir, that you will have no slaves to flog to-morrow."

"*Carri!* What does the Senor mean?" he inquired, growing alarmed.

"Only this. That it is likely you will find none of your people alive if you wait till morning."

"*Diasto!* Senor! let us go down."

And we went down to the warehouse as fast as we could, and found nine of the likeliest of the slaves, men and women, suspended by the neck with hide thongs, stark dead, and all the others preparing to "go and do likewise."

Mr. Mintzer saved eleven of his black stock, by assuring them that they should not be punished, and learned himself a severe lesson, never to threaten a Mena slave.

A friend of mine had a Mena girl, by far the handsomest woman either black or white I have ever seen—a capital servant—but so totally ungovernable, that he offered her to me for the nominal sum of a hundred *mil reis*,—fifty dollars, and she proved a dear bargain at that. We had her just one month as a waiter, and thought to conquer her with kindness. But we failed utterly. In that time, she sent a heavy, long-bladed knife at my wife's head, just barely missing it, and driving the blade quivering into the wall close behind her. Next she tried to chop off the head of our next-door neighbor, a stout old lady, with a hatchet. Then she poured a quart of scalding water into my boots, and brought them to me to draw on; drove a sharp primer chisel half-way through the thigh of a young carpenter who was fixing our grape arbor; and wound up her antics by dosing the after-dinner coffee-cups for myself and wife with a generous spoonful of *sugar of lead* in each. The next day after that freak, I sold *Rosa Bonita* to a Pernambuco sugar planter, to put into the cane-field. She would get quieted down or killed there, it didn't matter a *vintem* which to me.

As punishment for crime in Brazil never reaches beyond imprisonment, except in cases of counterfeiting and breaking open a letter belonging to another person, there are some droll scenes and associations within the walls of a Brazilian prison. Black, white, blue, and tan color—male, female, old, young, thieves, beggars, *ladrones*, and assassins, all jumbled and placed in together among filth and vermin, without any conveniences for decency or comfort, a white male prisoner often chained to a swarth African perhaps for years, females fettered to heavy blocks of wood, and disgusting indecency and immorality the universal prison rule.

Pass along by a Brazilian prison when you will, during the day, and you will see projecting from every window long bamboos, like fishing-rods, and dangling from the end of each one there swings before your nose a tiny basket or fancifully wrought net, silently, but pertinacious as a persevering gallinipper, seeking alms in the shape of coin, *dulce*, segars, tobacco, or whatever you are pleased to bestow. If you give something, you receive a *viva!* and *muito obrigado!* from the grated window; if you do not, the chances are you get a spiteful *wip* with the bag or basket in the eyes.

In all the cities and larger towns, in short, wherever a police regulation is established, the force consists of soldiers of the regular standing army of the country. Indeed there are no civil police organizations anywhere in the empire. The patrols always go armed with a musket, which they are never permitted to carry loaded, except in times of rebellion or revolution—but are ordered to challenge every passer along the street after 8 o'clock, P. M., and unless they can give the countersign or are willing to bestow a *patagone* bribe on the black rascal who challenges them, they are pretty certain to be seized upon and dragged away to the loathsome, filthy prison hole to pass the night. The countersign for the night is given out every afternoon at the *delegados* or military headquarters, and it is the duty of every citizen intending to be abroad at night, to either go or send thither and obtain it.

Once, while I was living in Rio Grande, there came to that port a Boston bark, the captain of which was a frank, genial, generous young man, rather fond of society, but unfortunately understanding nothing of Portuguese beyond *si senor* and the *Rua de Alfandega*. The captain and I got acquainted the first day, grew intimate the second, and on the third I had him home to dine with me, introduced him to my wife and little Red Rover sister as the central attractions—to the three brilliant and beautiful daughters of my up-street neighbor next door, Signor Guiseppia Mansiero, the rich Italian, and, on the other hand, to the Senoras Vicencia and Venetia De Casalieus, the lovely Spanish daughters of Don Pastor, Pinto Juan Jose Casalieus, the wealthiest man in the province.

Captain Charley Elwood was in ecstacies. The united petticoat battalion had him always in tow, through the range of all three of the mansions, courts, balconies, and flower-gardens; played the piano and guitar to him, waltzed, polked, and played backgammon with him; sung him love songs, and chattered him bewitched in Spanish, Portuguese and Italian—all of which he understood nothing of but the kind intention, but which nevertheless set him so infatuated that within a week he came to spend almost all his time—i. e. his daylight time—with us. We could never get him to spend an evening at our house. For some time we wondered what could be the reason; but we came to the facts one day from his confession.

Captain Charley had a skeleton in his path. On the first day of his wandering about town, he had taken a peep into that horrible hole, the *Cadea*—city prison. Faugh! Out at night, without the countersign, and get thrust into that pit of pollution! Mahomet! he would sooner jump overboard.

My sister—the little madcap mischief—undertook to remove the captain's bug-a-bo. She would educate him—teach him the Brazilian *Shibboleth*, if he would only spend the evening with us. Captain Charley was delighted, and accepted the terms. But somehow they found so many other fascinations that they forgot all about the countersign until after supper, and the night had drifted far on towards another day, when the important necessity occurred to the captain, and set him all in a flurry. But Gracie soon reassured him, and they set diligently to work—little dimity to teach, and Captain Charley to learn the all-important password.

"*Via eta-cadiano-sua Burra*," said Gracie very slowly and distinctly.

Very slowly, and very nearly correctly, the captain repeated it. At the second, third, and fourth repetitions, he improved, and at the fifth he was perfect. Then he went forth to go on board his ship, which lay at a wharf down at

the end of the street on which we lived, only three squares distant, in plain sight by day, and almost as plain that night, with the bright, unclouded moon at full.

We all went out on the front veranda to bid the captain *adios*, and see him homeward bound. He went down into the middle of the unpaved sandy thoroughfare and set off for his floating home.

On the opposite side of the way, fifty yards lower down, was the *Hospital di Misericordia*, in front of which two soldiers were always patrolling—

"*Quein ha?*" challenged the first *soldado* as the captain drew near his beat.

"*Via da co diavo sua Burra!*" promptly responded Captain Charley, with tremendous emphasis and plenty of accent to show that he was not a native.

"*Carramba! Que es isso?*" exclaimed the astonished and insulted soldier, making a dash at the captain with levelled musket and fixed bayonet.

Away went the frightened captain like a deer, making the sand fly like a young whirlwind.

"*Quein ha?*" yelled soldier No. 2, leaping out into the moonlight.

"*Via da co diavo sua Burra!*" screamed Captain Charley, letting out his longest leaps.

"*Carri! Sta diavo!*" "*Que es isso?*" "*Keto el Capitan Americano!*" "*El lunatico!*" and the like, shouted the two wrathful sentries in hot chase of the flying fugitive, who screamed back at his pursuers the tormenting countersign with all his might, until having gained his ship far in advance of them, he tumbled in on deck, when there came ringing out rapidly, and clear, and sharp such a string of left-handed, salt-water blessings as no two dumb-founded saddle-colored *soldados* ever got showered upon them before on this earth.

On the following day Captain Charley came up to our house looking half-vexed, half-shy, and after a little conversation inquired of my wife:

"Mrs. Cosmo—what is that countersign that Miss Gracie learned me?"

My wife affected innocence, and the captain repeated it.

"Ha—he—ha! Captain—no wonder the soldiers took after you. Do you know you said to them—'*Go to the devil you jackass!*'"

Captain Charley never applied to *Little Miss Mischief* to learn him another Brazilian countersign.

Never Despair.

"Ugly flower! I won't pick you!" said little Harry as he pulled the daisies and buttercups in the meadow, and suddenly came to a fine large dandelion. The dandelion had done its best to look bright and gay all day, and it was very sad to hear its happy, broad golden face found fault with like this.

"I wonder why nobody likes me?" it thought sadly; "every other flower is taken notice of, and I am left neglected and forlorn! I did not make myself, and do not wish to be disagreeable. I wonder if anybody will ever care about me, or shall I shut up my petals and die?"

"No, no," whispered the breeze which passed over it, "keep on hoping."

And just then a large bee came buzzing through the long meadow grass, and rested on the yellow dandelion, and found some honey in its heart, and said—

"Beautiful flower, I am glad I have found you out."

And the dandelion held up its golden face to the sun, and said—

"I have not lived for nothing."

God has given us all the power of being a comfort to somebody.

A CHICKEN DIET.—Among the patients which Doctor S——— had at one time, was one to whom he had recommended a diet of chicken. While he was still under the doctor's care, it chanced that he, with Doctor S——— and a number of other friends, was invited to a gentleman's dinner party, given by a mutual acquaintance. The principal dish was fowls, and as the patient sat on the right of the host, the platter was passed to him first. The man helped himself very freely—more so than politeness allowed—not only to the annoyance of the host, but of Doctor S——— also, who happened to sit at the farther end of the table, and who began to think his chance was slim. Gazing for a moment at the contents of the patient's plate, the blunt man asked, in a tone of half-rebuke, half ridicule—

"Halloo, Jones, what are you doing?"

"Why, Doctor, you told me I must eat chicken," the patient replied.

"Yes, I know I did; but I didn't tell you to make a hen-coop of yourself," retorted the man of physic, amid the roars of the entire table.

☞ THE POWER OF SUPERSTITION.—Witches and Impostors, says Lord Bacon, have always held a competition with physicians. Galen complains of this superstition, and observes that patients placed more confidence in the oracles of Esculapius and their own idle dreams than in the prescriptions of doctors. The introduction of precious stones into medical practice owed its origin to a superstitious belief that, from their beauty, splendor, and high value, they were the natural receptacles for good spirits. Mystery, in the dark ages, and, alas! even now, increases the confidence in remedial means; reveal their true nature, the charm is dissolved.

☞ TAKING UP INDIFFERENT HUSBANDS.—A little man, asking how it happened that many beautiful ladies took up with but indifferent husbands, after many fine offers, was thus aptly answered by a mountain maiden: "A young friend of hers, during a walk, requested her to go into a delightful canebrake, and there get him the handsomest reed; she must get it in once going through, without turning. She went, and, coming out, brought him quite a mean reed. When he asked if that was the handsomest one she saw—"Oh, no," replied she; "I saw many finer as I went along, but I kept on in hopes of a much better, until I had gotten nearly through, and then was obliged to select the best that was left."

☞ QUEENS.—Of sixty-seven queens of France, only thirteen have died without leaving their histories a record of misery and sin. Eleven were divorced, two executed, nine died young, seven were soon widowed, three cruelly treated, three exiled; the poisoned and broken-hearted make up the rest. The pillow of royalty is indeed filled with thorns.

☞ The Russian government consider the Princess Dagmar in the light of their heir's widow, and give her an income of £60,000 a year to keep up regal state there.

THE HON. HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

Near the centre of the North American continent, in about 50 deg. north latitude, is Red River Settlement, the principal one in that vast territory under the dominion of the Hon. Hudson's Bay Company. This town is situated on the banks of the Assinaboine and Red River, and perhaps its length is greater than that of any city in either the New or Old World; for although it numbers barely five thousand inhabitants, it nevertheless extends over *fifty miles* along the banks of the streams mentioned. Of course, the houses are thinly scattered, and in some places it is really a question whether the solitary hamlets can be properly considered portions of the town itself. As far as the vision extends, the country around Red River Settlement is a vast prairie, upon which not a tree ever grows, and where now and then a stunted shrub or brier is met; but during the summer months a luxuriant carpet of the brightest green covers this whole area, so that the otherwise desolate appearance of this section is enlivened and changed to one of beautiful verdure and vegetation.

When the Hudson Bay Company were given the right to British America, a number of fur traders settled upon Red River, and established a trading post; and it continued nothing but a mere frontier post until 1811, when Lord Selkirk dispatched a large number of emigrants to form a colony in the great Northwest. The locality of the fur traders being a desirable one, the whole body made their way to Red River, and formed the settlement of which we speak, and which has sometimes been termed Lord Selkirk's Settlement. As the Indians were all friendly, there were few difficulties to contend with and the colony flourished.

Most of the population consists of Canadian and Scotchman, though there may be found others from all quarters of the earth, besides the Indians which are ever loitering around the forts. It numbers some fives or six churches, and as there are less doctors, Red River Settlement may be safely set down as one of the healthiest places on the globe. The cold during the winter months is most intense—mercury often freezing, and the spirit thermometer as often indicating an incredible degree. The month of February is invariably the coldest month. Often the thermometer averages thirty-five degrees below zero for the entire month, and not unfrequently sinks as low as forty-five and fifty.

In the year 1669, Prince Rupert formed a company in London, whose object was the prosecution of the fur trade around Hudson's Bay, Charles II. willingly granting them a charter, conceding the exclusive right of trading through all the country watered by rivers flowing into Hudson's Bay. This charter gave them full liberty and power to erect forts, and take all means of preventing others from trafficking in this territory; and as a compensation for this, the government requires at their hands that they should do all in their power to assist discovery. Whether the Hon. Hudson's Bay Company have carried out the full spirit of this law, is not for us to say. They have been accused of seeking to prevent discovery, but we are inclined to believe that for the last century at least, they have done all in their power, as authenticated instances are on record in which most signal assistance has been afforded explorers in the desolate regions of the far North.

The possessions of this great Fur Company are divided in four large departments. The Northern Department includes all the forts and establishments in the far North, and the right of trade as far toward the north pole as the foot of man can attain. The Southern Department extends along the northern shore of Lake Superior, includes the post at James's Bay and the neighborhood of Labrador. The Montreal Department extends up the Ottawa and St. Lawrence River to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, reaching to Esquimaux Bay. The Columbia Department includes most of the country west of the Rocky Mountains, comprehending also the territory of Oregon. I am not aware that the Hudson's Bay Company trade upon this ground at this time, but am inclined to believe they do, as their right was not questioned when the Americans came into possession of it.

These departments in turn are divided into a number of districts, and these subdivided into factories, posts, forts and outposts. In the service, there are seven different grades. The highest rank is that of *shareholder*, which is never reached until after a fifteen years' apprenticeship at least, while more often over twenty years are required. The next below is that of *half-shareholder* or *chief trader*. Over a dozen years are required to step from the fifth to this sixth grade. The fifth grade is that of *clerks*. These, for the most part, consist of young men who have been required to serve five years as *apprentice clerks*, the fourth grade. This latter is generally filled by boys, fresh from their homes or school, and who for the first three or four years of their apprenticeship, are, in fact, considered as of small value. Below the apprentice clerks comes the *postmaster*. This man often takes charge of an outpost, and is beyond question the most active and useful man in the service. The second grade is that of *interpreter*, who really comprehends within himself the lowest two grades. The lowest is that of *hunter* or *trapper*. This man does the *hard work* of the party, and when he has acquired enough knowledge of the Indian tongue to be capable of communicating with them, he is relieved of the severest drudgery of the service, and becomes interpreter.

Thus it will be seen that the best of system governs this greatest of fur companies; and what struck me as most singular of all, was the perfect government. I have seen men, just in from a six months' absence, toward the Frozen Sea, receive orders upon the day of their arrival, and the next morning start for the Columbia. At one season, they are perhaps at the mouth of the Makenzie's, and the next beyond the source of the Saskatchewan. No murmuring is ever heard. Silently and willingly the trapper hastens towards his destination, no matter where it may be. An Arctic explorer may find a white man busily collecting his furs among the Esquimaux of Baffin's Bay, or perhaps in the region of Bhering's Straits. And up among the beautiful prairies and mountains of Oregon and on the plains of the Saskatchewan, the forts of the Company have stood for many long years.

Fifteen years ago, this summer, in passing up the Missouri, our steamer halted at Council Bluffs to receive several passengers. Among these, I noticed one, who showed plainly by his dress and appearance that he was a trapper and hunter. A small coon-skin cap covered his head, a common hunting-shirt was gathered with a belt around his body, and his feet were encased in Indian moccasins. He was apparently about forty years of age, his hair partly turned grey, and his face covered by a grizzly beard, which owing to several ugly cicatrized wounds, grew in patches, and rendered his countenance unprepossessing to those who could not look below the surface. Heavy, beetling brows, and a fine Roman nose gave an air of decision and courage to him, which I afterwards found to be in a high degree characteristic of him.

There was that air of indifference about him which is peculiar to his class, and which rendered him doubly interesting to me. He seemed acquainted with no one on board, and to care nothing for their company. He ever carried a long, formidable looking rifle with him, which he never allowed to be out of his sight. Sometimes he would walk the deck abstractedly, and seating himself, would fold his arms around his rifle, and would remain for hours in a dozing, half-asleep state. What struck me as very curious was that he never visited the bar, and gruffly declined several invitations.

I was puzzled how to effect an acquaintance; but, as the boat was rapidly nearing its destination, I determined to seize the first opportunity. So one fine afternoon, when we were steaming merrily up the Great Bend of the Missiouri, I attempted it. Ascending the promenade deck, I found him seated in his usual position, his hands folded before him, his head nodding forward.

"A fine day this!" I remarked, stopping squarely before him.

A nod of the head was the only answer.

"A fine day, I say!"

Another nod was also the attention I received.

"A splendid looking rifle that!" I remarked, laying my hand carelessly on the barrel. This aroused him. He started slightly, slowly opened the corner of one eye, looked up at me, languidly smacked his lips, gave a half grunt, and relapsed into his former state. Although the course was certainly unwarranted upon my part, I determined to press him into conversation. So seating myself beside him, I placed my hand familiarly upon his shoulder, and asked:

"If it isn't impertinent, may I ask how far you are going with us?"

"Ugh-ah! yah-o-o!" he yawned, finally opening his eyes, until, perfectly wide awake, he turned and asked me,

"What mought be yer handle, stranger?"

I gave it him, and in turn asked his own.

"Do I owe you anything?" he persisted.

"Not that I am aware of," I laughed.

"Then what yer bothern' 'bout me for? I squatted here for a snooze, and don't like yer henderin' me."

"I beg your pardon," said I, with assumed surprise. "If that's the case I will withdraw at once."

"Needn't mind now, I can't snooze agin, since you've 'sturbed me."

"What did you say your name was?"

"I'm ginerally known as Dumpy Bill."

"Well, then, Dumpy Bill, I am glad to make your acquaintance. Won't you step below and take a drink?"

"No, *sir*, I rather exc'late not."

"What! you a hunter and don't drink? Impossible."

"I've seen the times, yar, when such an invite to wet, to me, would 've cleaned your pockets out. Yes, sir, I have. I've swilled enough in my day to float this thing we're ridin' on. Yes, sir."

"How is it, then, that you don't drink now?"

"Wal, yar, there's a story to that, and I'll give it pr'aps afore we leave each other. How fur mought yar be going?"

"Not a great deal further I am sorry to say. shall leave the boat in a day or two, as I am going to Red River Settlement."

"Going whar?" demanded my friend.

"To Red River Settlement."

"Shoot me, that's lucky; just whar I'm goin'."

"Can it be?" I exclaimed, in turn delighted and surprised. "I hardly thought I should find a companion. Indeed I'm glad."

The trapper then explained that he was on his way to this settlement to see a brother whom he had not met for twelve years. As may be supposed I was overjoyed at this information. I had expected until this that my perilous journey through the wilderness would be made alone. I had, in fact, offered a large sum to three different trappers to guide me from the Missouri, through Minnesota to Red River, but all declined, and I had settled down into the conclusion, as said, that it was to be made alone.

Two days afterward, in about 47 deg. north latitude, Dumpy Bill and I stepped from the deck of the "Comet" and started on our journey. The Missouri at this point makes a sweeping bend westward, and we struck a northeast direction toward the northern shore of Devil Lake. I shall never forget my journey through Minnesota with this trapper. There was not the slightest sign of approaching civilization.—Mighty forests towered in solemn stillness, broken only by the howl of some wild animal; vast, billowy prairies, covered with luxuriant, emerald grass, over which light zephyrs swept like musical waves, stretched mile after mile before us, and beyond these the faint outlines of the far-off mountain peaks loomed up in the sky; sparkling streams, flowing smoothly and silently across the prairie, or foaming through the narrow canons of the mountains were crossed, and grand, old mountains were passed before we saw the end of our journey. Minnesota at that time, and still is to me, a perfect paradise. We saw innumerable buffalo and wild animals of all species common to our country. The vegetation is of the rankest kind, and the hand of man is only needed to bring forth from the virgin soil the most glorious harvests of the earth. Beavers and others exist in great numbers. We came upon several dams, but as these have often been described I shall omit a description. What struck me as remarkable about the latter animal—the otter—was his extreme destructiveness. Wherever an otter exists you are sure to find the streams filled with the dead bodies of fish which have been slain by him. He seems to kill them out of mere wantonness, as he never pretends to eat a hundredth part.

Toward the close of a pleasant day in early summer, we descended the eastern slope of a spur of the Rocky Mountains and encamped upon the northern shore of Devil's Lake. This is a fine sheet of water, as clear as crystal, and of icy coldness, whose outlet is into Red River. Gathering a goodly quantity of wood and sticks we started a fire and cooked a huge slice of a buffalo which Bill had brought down in the morning. We were just near enough to the mountains to get enough of its keen atmosphere to give us a relish for our roaring fire. Gathering our blankets around us, we stretched out before the blaze, and after lighting our pipes, I doubt whether two more contented mortals could have been found in the universe. I was thoroughly tired out, and there was a delicious feeling of languid pleasure in extending my wearied limbs, gazing dreamily into the red coals, and slowly drawing the thick smoke through the pipe. I looked up at my companion, and saw that he was in the same dozing, abstracted state.

Gradually the night wore on, our wakefulness returned, we arose to the sitting position, knocked the ashes from our pipes, replenished the fire, and I remarked:

"You remember, Bill, the answer you made to me on the steamer, when I invited you to drink?"

"What—'bout my not takin' the wet?"

"Yes. You remarked that you never indulged in liquor now, although you once were addicted to it. I have often wondered how it is that you came to leave it off, when, at your time of life, I should suppose it had become a confirmed habit. Have you any objections to giving me the particulars?"

"I b'lieve I promised yer, and I mought as well doo't now. The way on it, you see, war this way. Me and a feller called Tipsy Pete, used to spree it high—wal, we did; yes, sir. Wal, me and Pete tramped together for over ten year. We used to stay up on the Yallerstone all winter, go down to St. Louey with our peltries, git our pile, and then spree it till every red were gone, and then dig off for the beaver runs agin. Several times it kinder struck me we war all-fired fools to spend the dust that way, but Pete said it war the way to live, and I ginerally jined him.

"Wal, as I'a sayin', things went on this way for ten year, till one time, down in Westport, Pete got the *man with-the-poker*,* and I just missed it. This scart us, and I told Pete we'd got to stop spreein' it. He said he war willin', and she shook pans that we wouldn't touch it for two year.

"Wal, Pete didn't touch it in Westport, and we started for the first time fur scalps and furs sober. We allers made it a rule never to touch the stuff arter we'd left the states; but when we got up 'mong the Black Hills, I found Pete had brought a jug of the critter along. This raised my dander, and I told him if he didn't smash the jug I'd smash him. At this he made a run, and gittin' off a ways, hauled up and swigged down the stuff right afore my eyes. He then smashed the jug, and seemed sorry for what he'd done, and came and swore that that was his last spree.

"It war Tipsy Pete's last spree.

"Wal, I didn't say much, as I felt a little 'fraid Pete would get crazy agin. At last we struck a fire, and laid down to snooze till morning.

"'Long in the night, I heerd an orful yell, and jumpin' up, found that Pete had got it again and had cleared. It war dark as a wolf's mouth, and as ther war no knowin' what Pete mought do, I crawled off and hid till mornin'. But I didn't hear nothin' more of Pete.

"When daylight come, I hunted him up. I found him stretched out on the ground 'bout two hundred yards off, his mouth all froth, his body all hacked to pieces, and his ha'r lifted. The reds had been about, but they'd 've never got Pete of he hadn't been rum crazy, for Pete war some, and war never cotched nappin.' But he died game though. When I seed poor Pete all smashed to slinders, I swore I'd never touch that stuff agin, and I never have and never will. No, sir!"

I told my companion that he would never regret his step, and urged him never to retract it; but there was no need of this on my part, as I saw he was a man of iron determination, and one whose will was unchangeable. He related many thrilling stories of Indian adventures, but as I have no space for them, I will close with a few more words. As we were in the country of the Assinabornies, there was nothing to be feared from them, and we suffered no molestation from Indians.

The next day we struck the Red River, and found a *voyageur* who conveyed us to the settlement. Here, in answer to my friend's inquiries, he learned that his brother was absent at Fort Churchill, at post 60 deg. north, on the western side of Hudson's Bay, but was daily expected at the settlement, as he had been ordered hither some days before. We were entertained hospitably, and treated with much consideration. The fact of our being American secured us a cordial welcome at every point.

In the course of a week the brother arrived, and the two met for the first time in many years. They remained a number of days together, when, as they were about to separate, the brother received orders to proceed to Fort Colville, a station on the Columbia river, in Oregon. This was another unexpected turn of fortune, and it is needless to say that the brothers, including myself, went in company to this distant point. We were obliged to traverse hundreds of miles over mountain, prairie, and stream, and through a country of hostile savages. I was in constant excitement, and we experienced many adventures on the way.

Finally we reached Kootanie River, proceeded along the shore of Flat Bow Lake, down Clark's Ford, till we struck the Columbia. A few days were spent at Fort Colville, when Dumpy Bill and I proceeded on to our destination—California.

* Manta poto.

☞ UNDER-CURRENTS.—Down in the bosom of Mother Earth, unseen by mortal eyes, are winding channels, where flow living waters. In mystic depth, unseen, unheard, yet do they form a connection between lakes, rivers, and sea. Are the lakes, rivers, or seas conscious of this connection? Beneath the soul surface of our lives are sympathetic streams, connecting hearts to hearts, spirits to spirits, and fates to fates. In actual reality, or in fanciful dreamings, are our souls one to another, through this medium, by sympathetic changes kept from growing stagnant.

☞ For some years to come old iron will be plenty enough around Petersburg to supply several large foundries. East and south of the city ploughing is dangerous, as exploding shells are very likely to send horse and driver high in the air.

LATEST NEWS.

An official report of the capture of the forts at Sabine Pass has been received at the Navy Department.

The quartermasters' stores in Nashville, the largest of the kind in the country, were destroyed by fire on Friday afternoon. The contents comprise sufficient supplies for an army of 80,000 men for two years.

The people of South Carolina have called upon the U. S. military authorities at Charlotte, N. C., for protection against depredations committed by their own people.

The whole state of Georgia is represented to be in a starving condition.

Mrs. Lydia Huntley Sigourney died at Hartford, Connecticut, on Sunday, the 11th, aged 76.

The review of the returned Philadelphia troops by Gov. Curtin and Mayor Henry on Saturday afternoon was a fine affair, although the pleasure of the occasion was greatly marred by a heavy rain. Gen. Meade, who rode at the head of the military, was greatly cheered.

The city of Tacambaro, in the state of Michoacan, Mexico, was attacked by the Liberals, on the 11th of April, and was taken by storm, with all the garrison. A few days previous the French forces at Purindiro, Cultseo and Zinopearalo were defeated by the same army.

☞ The corner stone of the monument at the Soldiers' National Cemetery at Gettysburg, Pa., will be laid on the 4th of July next, with military and civic ceremonies. The oration on the occasion will be delivered by Major-General O. O. Howard, lately commanding the Army of the Tennessee. Gen. Howard, it will be recollected, bore a conspicuous part in the victory at Gettysburg.

☞ At Zanesville, Ohio, a cake of soap weighing 2,500 pounds has been manufactured. It took eight days to cool, and is valued at $800.

☞ The manager of the Cirque at Paris announces that he has engaged for the summer season a tame ourang-outang, which performs on the trapeze with greater agility than Leotard himself.

☞ The Brooklyn Board of Education last week voted a deduction of $75 from the salary of each of the female teachers in their employ. Why not cut down the male teachers in a similar ratio?

☞ It is said that the only joke Gen. Sherman ever perpetrated was upon entering the capital of North Carolina. Turning to a regiment of veterans who were marching by the State House, he called out: "Don't you think this is a good place to sing Raleigh round the flag, boys?"

☞ It is said that Commodore Nutt and Miss Minnie Warren are about to be married.

☞ Seven barbers arraigned in New Haven for violating the Sunday statute, procured their discharge by proving that shaving was a work of necessity.

☞ James Gordon Bennett, of the New York Herald, and W. C. Bryant, of the Evening Post, are both over seventy years old.

☞ The income of Gov. Aiken, of South Carolina, before the war was $100,000. Now he does not own a dollar's worth of property.

☞ The mammoth gold pen "Vicksburg," which brought five hundred dollars in the New York Sanitary Fair, was presented to Lieut-Gen. Grant, on Saturday, by the maker. In expressing his thanks the general said:—"It is yet an open question whether or not the pen is mightier than the sword."

☞ LIFE.—How small a portion of our life it it that we really enjoy! In youth we are looking forward to things that are to come! in old age we are looking backwards to things that are past; in manhood, although we appear to be more occupied in things that are present, yet even that is absorbed in vague determinations to be vastly happy on some future day, when we have time.

☞ A FABLE.—"I have something more to ask you," said a young eagle to a learned, melancholy owl; "men say there is a bird, named Merops, who, when he rises in the air, flies with his tail upwards, and his head towards the ground; is that true?" "Certainly not!" answered the owl; "it is only a foolish tradition of man; he is himself a Merops, for he would fly to heaven without for a moment losing sight of earth."

☞ MAMMA REBUKED.—"How awkward you are," said the lady. "*I* do not hold my head down; *I* do not turn in my toes as I walk; *I* do not lean my elbows on the table." "I beg your pardon, mamma," said the child, who was really a well-behaved little creature, "but are you not rather fond of praising yourself?"—*Memoirs of Lucy Aiken.*

☞ DID YOU EVER?—Did you ever know anything used as a comparison to trembling but an aspen-leaf? Did you ever see the chains which are said occasionally to bind the free-born mind? Did you ever light your cigar with the flame of love? Did you ever have your face browned by the sunshine of prosperity? or have you been obliged to resort to an umbrella by the dark clouds of adversity? Did you ever see an alabaster brow, an adamantine soul, an icy heart, or an iron frame?

☞ BY A MARRIED WOMAN.—"My opinion is, that if men were always straightforward in their ways and actions, there would be fewer 'tottering limbs' borne to our doors—especially at night—and no getting up shaky in the morning." But what's a married woman's opinions? What does she know about it?

☞ An attorney in the country advertises for a young lad that can write a legible hand and read illegible writing.

☞ One day the philosopher Bias found himself in the same vessel with a crowd of sorry scoundrels. A tempest came on, and instantly the whole band began to invoke the succor of the gods. "Be quiet, you wretches!" said the sage; "if the gods perceive that you are here, we are gone!"

☞ In the English language we speak of a really famous man by his surname only. Thus we say Washington, not George Washington; Cromwell, not Oliver Cromwell; Shakspeare, not William Shakespeare. In Italy, however, the reverse is often the fact. Thus the learned Benardino Baldi, Dante Alegiheri and Galileo Galilei, are called by their first and not by their family name, and known solely as Benardino, Dante and Galileo.

☞ Dr. Johnson said of a widower who was about to marry, that it was a remarkable case of the triumph of hope over experience.

☞ It is a curious fact, no service or compliment you can pay a woman ever awakens her gratitude and kindly liking so keenly and lastingly as the slightest appreciation of the man she delights to honor.

☞ The real carte de visite—a doctor's gig.

THE OLD OAK-TREE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MAY MONTROSE.

The old oak tree with lofty bough
Stands bare and cold to-day;
No shade from out its mighty arms,
No zephyrs round it play;—
It looms as high, as in days of yore,
Its strength is still the same,
Its arms outstretch in giant ease
As in that sunny time;
—But where has gone the sky's clear blue,
And where the summer's sun?

That sunny time, when all was gay,
When joyous hopes beat high,
When time sped noiselessly away
With not a shadow nigh;
When 'neath this monarch's cooling shade
We sat us down to rest;—
On brow and cheek the low breeze played
As if in wanton jest,—
Now where has fled the sky's clear blue,
And where that summer blest?

The summer comes again I know
With sky as blue and fair,
With genial breath as sweet and low,
With crowning beauties rare,—
And broad and green the old oak tree
Will wave in native grace,
And other hearts will beat as free—
—And other eyes will trace—
The summer sky as clear and blue—
—But *not as bright as this!*—
My summer sky, where has it gone,
And where *my* summer sun?

JONAH'S GOURD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD,

AUTHOR OF "TOM DINGLEBY'S DIPLOMACY."

My own impression is that Gideon was the original Gourd, although it is a matter of history, that when the family, by reason of the sudden accession of wealth, had waxed great and mighty in a certain suburban town that had the honor of being their place of residence, the extant representative was at no little trouble to trace his ancestry back to a period of the past so exceedingly remote, that he quite lost himself in a dense fog of obscurity.

At all events, there was a Gideon Gourd, and whether he was the original Gourd, or inherited his honest patronymic from a remote ancestry, is a question which properly belongs to the Heraldry Office; consequently, I shall leave it there for solution, and proceed with my history.

Some years ago, (the exact number can be of no particular consequence, and I dislike being exact,) there dwelt upon the banks of a certain river which flowed through a fine country, an honest lumberman bearing the above cognomen. In a worldly point of view, Mr. Gourd had not been entirely successful, at least in his own estimation; but it will doubtless be regarded as somewhat singular that he was thus dissatisfied with his earthly possessions, when it is known that he was the proprietor of a considerable number of acres, whereon were a multitude of pine stumps and some pine trees, an old-fashioned saw-mill, presided over by Jonas, his first and only born, and kept in employment by immense rafts of logs, which the elder Gourd collected during the winter, in the pineries above them, and floated down with the spring freshet.

It must also be taken into account, in estimating Mr. Gourd's prosperity, that he owed nothing. His operations a little more than supplied the necessities of his frugal family, the wife of his youth still presided over the neat log cottage where he had brought her a bride, and Jonas was a son of whom parents might justly be proud, being learned in all the mysteries of woodcraft, and as accomplished a sawyer as that region could produce.

Gideon should have been a perfectly contented and supremely happy man, and what subsequently befell him may undoubtedly be considered in the light of a judgment for his failure in the exercise of these Christian virtues.

But during the long lazy days, when he was quietly floating down the river upon his raft, he imprudently allowed himself to think, and being unaccustomed to reflection, his imagination played him all manner of mischievous pranks, and he would return home dispirited and out of sorts, or, as he luminously expressed it to the wife of his bosom, with "a sort o' hankerin' arter somethin' he didn't know what."

Mrs. Gourd, who, ere prosperity had turned her head, was a sensible body as the world goes, was pleased to understand by this that her liege was unduly solicitous to accumulate lucre, and protested with many an ominous shake of her head, which, with the feminine portion of humanity, means a great deal, that no good ever come of being discontented with one's *natural situation*.

The time came when Mrs. Gourd forgot all about this wise saying of hers, which embraced a whole quarto of the soundest philosophy, and Mr. Gourd remembered it, and laid it sorrowfully away in that indefinitely located repository of emotional valuables, his heart.

I now approach a momentous era in my history. It came to pass one day that the paternal Gourds who had been down the river to town with a lumber raft, returned with a story that quite turned the head of the maternal Gourd and that of her offspring.

A country abounding in gold had been discovered way over on t'other side of Ameriky, pretty nigh sundown, he guessed. There was nothing else talked about in the city, and everybody was going who could pay their passage, which would take a power o' money.

Mrs. G. was astonished. "Did he s'pose there was any truth in that Californy story, or was it all a ho-ax, (the good lady's pronunciation partook a little of the provincialisms of the locality,) got up to make game of common folks who wan't eddicated?"

Mr. Gourd was profoundly impressed with the reliability of the intelligence; he had seen an account of it in the newspaper, and he guessed newspapers wouldn't go and print a right up and down what wan't so; besides, he had seen a man at the tavern with a beard as long as his arm, a savage-lookin' critter, who had been there, and in less than a year dug more gold right out of the ground than a man could make in the pinery in his lifetime.

The eyes and mouths of Mr. Gourd's auditors expanded to their fullest capacity as they both ejaculated in a breath: "You don't say so!"

Mr. G., however, was very certain that he did say so, and he was furthermore fully persuaded in his own mind to make a pilgrimage to the land of gold forthwith, before the supply should become exhausted. Jonas was old enough to take care of the mill alone. He must hire a hand to take his own place on the raft, and if he should come back rich——Mr. Gourd did not say what he should do in that devoutly-to-be-hoped-for contingency, but left the sentence unfinished, and fell into a delightful reverie, golden tinted and very splendid to the misty eyes and intellect of the honest lumberman.

Not to dwell too much at length upon matters of minor importance, it is sufficient to say that Gideon, with the concurrence of his family, determined upon trying his fortune in the modern Eldorado, and having, by various expedients, obtained the requisite funds for his journey, he said good-bye to his spouse and boy, and the next packet (by courtesy so called) that left New York for San Francisco via the cape, was honored by having his name upon her list of steerage passengers.

Slowly the vessel drifted on her course, and notwithstanding the enthusiasm with which the poor wretches who sailed in her set forth upon their journey, the long, languid days which found them rolling about under the torrid sun of the tropics dragged wearily enough, and more than once, as the ex-lumberman groaned and sweltered within the narrow limits of his floating prison, or perforce satisfied the cravings of hunger with salt junk and hard tack, which made up the tempting bill of fare, he recalled his wife's little lecture upon contentment, and devoutly wished himself back again upon his raft.

But such repinings were unavailing, he at last discovered, and when he had recovered in a measure from the fearful sea-sickness which was near being the death of him for the first month or two of his cruise, and had learned to keep his footing on deck when the sea was tolerably smooth, and had become accustomed to being bullied by the officers, laughed at and made sport of by the crew, and imposed upon in divers ways by his fellow sufferers, he came to the philosophical conclusion to make the best of it, play a bold game, and as he had nothing to lose unless it might be some such trifle as his life, he considered that the chances were decidedly in favor of his winning in the long run.

After six months tossing upon the heaving, restless, but still monotonous ocean, the ship in which our voyager journeyed drifted into the port of San Francisco one fine morning, and he was rather dismayed at finding himself suddenly and unescapably at the scene of his future labors.

It not unfrequently happens that plans and operations which look vastly easy and agreeable in perspective wear a very different phase when approached more nearly. There have been youthful lawyers for example who were exceedingly solicitous to behold that entertaining document their first brief, imagining that an opportunity to display their learning and eloquence before the world was all that was wanting to secure a continuous shower of those articles thenceforth, and when the wished-for opportunity came, have usually succeeded after half an hour's exceedingly copious perspiration in convincing themselves of their own singular stupidity, and of the wonderful amount of enchantment that distance will persist in lending to the view, notwithstanding the palpable fraudulence of the transaction. Other callings and professions have their experiences, which might be cited in support of the theory which I have embodied in this little philosophical digression, but I forbear wandering farther from my subject.

It had seemed to Mr. Gourd that to accumulate a fortune was as easy as to go to sleep, when one had only to dig in the earth, and turn up whole shovels full of shining gold dust, but I suspect his bright day-dreams were dimmed a little when he first looked upon the strange concourse thronging the streets of that singular town, which seemed to embrace representatives from every nation under the sun, and of every class from the highest to the lowest, though judging from the fierce bandit looking beards everywhere prevalent, and the quantity of murderous weapons everywhere in sight, poor Gideon was inclined to the opinion that a very determined class from somewhere was best represented.

It is not my intention to follow Mr. Gourd through all the vagaries of his chequered fortune. He landed in the country without means, and was consequently necessitated to seek employment at once. He was sober and industrious, and so avoided those fearful pitfalls into which so many who went forth to the land of gold without such safeguards plunged recklessly, and there was only a hollow groan to tell their fate.

Still it was some time ere Fortune would condescend to smile upon him, but he proceeded to the mines, and by dint of unwearied labor managed to support existence after the hard manner of miners, and being a poor scribe, and disliking moreover to communicate with his family when he had nothing to tell of but discouragements, he left off corresponding with Mrs. Gourd much to the good lady's anxiety and annoyance.

Disappointed, but not disheartened, Gideon at last set himself to work in an old shaft which had been abandoned by some persons who were able to turn their attention to more remote districts that promised better. With the perseverance of desperation, for starvation had been cultivating his acquaintance of late somewhat pertinaciously, he dug on toward the bowels of the earth, finding now and then a few scales of the precious metal, just enough to keep soul and body from dissolving partnership, when one memorable evening, as the last ray of hope was flickering, his pickaxe turned up a nugget that weighed pounds.

The ex-lumberman was almost overwhelmed with his good fortune, and at first he had a mind to hurry away with his treasure and return content to his family and home, but a second thought restrained him, and with a feverish excitement he dug on. At last fortune seemed determined to reward his patient toil, and was now as lavish as she had before been chary of her favors.

A month passed and Gideon Gourd was the possessor of gold to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars, and more profoundly miserable than he had ever thought it possible for a man to be. He was perfectly satisfied with the amount of his acquisitions which far exceeded what he had ever in his wildest visions dreamed of, but the sense of ownership frightened him, and the fear straightway took possession of his mind and never more left it, that his great wealth was a matter of public notoriety, and that villains of the blackest dye were dogging his steps intent upon robbery and murder.

Poor Gideon became thin, haggard, and care-worn. The few weeks that had made him a man of wealth, had also made him older by at least ten years, and with such feelings of apprehension as had heretofore been strangers to his bosom, he prowled about, anxiously awaiting an opportunity of leaving that lawless country for home. Old acquaintances noticed the change in his looks and manner, but whether it was the result of elation or despair none knew and none cared.

You see, fellow sinners, neither ourselves or our affairs are of anything like the importance to the world that we fondly imagine. We like to delude ourselves with the belief that we fill a somewhat considerable and conspicuous place in the social universe, and that what we say and do are matters of moment to the multitude which we expect in an indefinite kind of a way to take notice of our variable moods and sympathize with them. If we chance to feel happy and light-hearted we have a sort of feeling that the world should honor us by wearing a kindly grin; and if we are in tribulation, as most of us generally are, in consequence of Mother Eve's *faux pas*, that it will have the politeness to abstain from any unnecessary show of exuberant spirits, and at least take out its pocket-handkerchief, and make a show of wiping the moisture from its eyes.

Ah! well, no great harm can result from petting our own vanity a little now and then. Self-esteem is the yeast without which the bread of existence would never be fit for the oven of adversity, and besides it would really be excessively mortifying to fully realize what a narrow niche even the best of us occupy in the great temple of duration—how little it matters to the world whether we live or die. *Living*, we form so many unnoticed units of the myriads moving on towards that dark, solemn river—*dying*, there is a plash in the rushing flood, unheard save by those by whom we are immediately surrounded—a few bubbles form, float and break upon the surface, a few ripples circle away into the distance and disappear, the waters resume their wonted flow—we are gone and forgotten.

But to return to Mr. Gourd. After much restless and weary waiting, there was a vessel homeward bound, upon which he succeeded in obtaining space for himself and his precious baggage, and set sail for the states.

Another weary six months of drifting and sea-sickness in the steerage of a packet, for he dared not advertise his wealth by journeying like a gentleman, and Gideon, after five years absence, stood once more within sight of his cottage. Everything around it was unchanged. The smoke curled up from the roof as of old, the garden wore its accustomed air; the clatter of the saw-mill fell upon his ear like music, and there was Jonas, grown a little bigger and stouter, standing by the gate of the gig wheel, watching with a look of professional interest the saw as it made its way through a huge pine log.

He heaved a sigh, approached the cottage door and humbly knocked, for there was a half defined feeling in his mind that one so changed as he was properly a stranger to his own kith and kin.

Mrs. Gourd, herself unchanged, except an additional care mark or two upon her face, opened the door, but it was some moments ere she could recognize as her husband, the haggard, longbearded man with tattered garments and a heavy bag; but when the truth did dawn upon her, together with the fact that the bag contained a recompense for five years' labor and separation, she was so overjoyed that Gideon experienced a more genuinely happy emotion than he had felt since he had gained his wealth.

Don't accuse Mrs. G. of being mercenary if you please. It does not follow because a woman rejoices to see her husband returning with a bag of gold dust, that she would not have been exceedingly pleased to see him without that appendage, and the meeting between the long separated pair was upon the whole a very happy one, though Mrs. Gourd when the first excitement was over, could not help observing that the changes in her husband had been for the worse, except in one particular. The thin sallow cheek, and unquiet glittering eye, were not so much to her liking as the old contented look had been; but he was weary and travel-worn, poor soul! she thought, and rest and home would restore him to his accustomed self.

Alas! for trusting Mrs. Gourd, she was fated to learn that for her Gideon there was in this world no more rest.

When the good woman had kissed her spouse, and compromised with her curiosity by asking a few thousand questions relative to his travels and adventures, she suddenly recollected that Jonas was still in ignorance of the happiness in store for him, and away she ran toward the mill, which stood at a little distance. The young gentleman had just rolled a fresh log upon the mill carriage, and having arranged it in the proper position and removed the bark from the upper surface, stood with his hand upon the gate lever, in the very act of setting the great saw a going, when his mother stood before him flushed and excited.

"Jonas, your father has come back from California, and he's rich," was all she could find words to express, and without waiting for a reply of any sort, she darted away again like a departing comet.

Come back rich! It was some moments ere Mr. Jonas could fully comprehend the full import of the words, and he stood gazing after his maternal parent with distended eyes and mouth, looking very much as though he had parted company with his wits; but it dawned upon him at last, and with a whoop, he darted from the mill, and hoisted the guard gate—for of what use was a full mill-pond to him then, and he magnanimously resolved that the pent up waters as well as himself should have their full liberty.

It was a queer conclave that assembled around the hearth of the Gourd family that night, and strange plans and projects were discussed; but only one met with unanimous approval, that they should remove from their old familiar neighborhood and take up their abode in the city, as the considerable village down the river was termed.

"Twan't safe for a rich man to live in such a lonesome, pokerish place," Mr. Gourd said, with perhaps a passing pang, when he remembered that the time had been when living in that self same spot with enough for all his necessities he had never a fear of robbery.

"It wan't no place for nobody, who could live anywhere else," Mr. Jonas asserted, though the remembrance of the face of his sweetheart, Bessie, came up and smote his heart, so he had no thought of asking her to share his new fortune.

It was vulgar thereabouts, Mrs. Gourd averred, and they owed it to themselves to take their place in society, with never a passing sigh for the kind old friends and neighbors who had been true to them through all their humble life; but of course they could not expect to follow the rich lumberman into the refined and aristocratic circles, for which his bag of gold-dust so eminently fitted him.

The very next day, the Gourds said good-bye to the log cottage, and the farm with its pine stumps, and the mill, with its unsawn log still lying upon the carriage, and turned their faces townward. They uttered no other farewells, they took nothing from the house save the heavy bag; and if I must confess the truth, their exodus was more like that of an individual giving the slip to pertinacious creditors, than a nabob leaving a life of honest toil and comfort for one of wealth, indolence, and—what followed.

When they reached the city, and Mr. Gourd had deposited the heavy bag in the vault of a bank, he felt a little easier; and having obtained rooms at a hotel for his family, and provided them liberally with freshly coined eagles, halves and quarters, he properly considered that a gigantic stride had been taken in the direction of gentility, and with his face once more clean shaven, and his tattered mining-dress exchanged for an unexceptionable costume, he made a vigorous and praiseworthy attempt to be happy, but the new broadcloth set awkwardly upon his limbs, so long accustomed to very different habiliments, and his mind was constantly haunted by a vague dread that some misfortune might happen to the bank wherein was stored the precious bag.

It was a singular fact for which I have looked in vain for an explanation, that it was soon known in town that a returned Californian fabulously wealthy had taken up his residence there, and Mr. Gourd experienced a strange thrill such as every one is apt to feel upon seeing their own names mentioned for the first time by a commendatory print, when he read in the paper one morning a little editorial flourish to the effect that "We are happy to announce that our village has received a valuable addition in G. Gourd, Esq., who has lately returned from California with a princely fortune. We are assured that politically Mr. G. is sound, and his influence will be felt and appreciated in our coming election," &c., &c.

It seemed curious enough to Gideon to see such mention made of his name. He didn't recollect digging up any political influence in the land of gold, but then he had, and none the less singularly did it strike him, when he found himself recognized and made much of by sundry individuals who had never oppressed him with attention in former times when he went round among them in pursuit of a good market for his pine boards and shingles. He was ill at ease and uncomfortable in the midst of his growing honors, for he could not avoid feeling a little suspicious that this new-found friendship was not entirely disinterested.

Mrs. Gourd got on somewhat better in her new sphere. Money was at her disposal to an extent to satisfy any reasonable woman, and in the essentially feminine pastime of shopping, she could while away as much time as any one. She was a good deal of a novice, and consequently could not assume the easy nonchalant air with which she saw her acquaintance enter the dry goods palaces, and tumble over two-thirds of the stock in trade, chatting easily and prettily all the while with the obsequious clerks about various new inventions in feminine gear, the very names of which had never found their way to the Pineries. It was very hard for Mrs. G. to put on airs, but being conscious that she owed it to her position so to do, she observed closely and imitated as faithfully as might be.

There was one thing, however, that annoyed and perplexed her. The best milliners and mantuamakers the place afforded seemed utterly powerless to impart to her bonnets and drapery the *recherche* appearance the same style of things presented when worn by Mrs. Grundy, and when that lady called upon her at her rooms, for the elite of the place were not slow in evincing their politeness, she felt ill at ease in her society, and could not tell at all what to do with her hands, and the topics of conversation that her fashionable friend saw fit to introduce were all Greek and Arabic to her. With the chambermaid she was perfectly at ease.

But Mrs. Gourd had resolved to dispute positions with Mrs. Grundy as a leader of ton, and being aware that she had a thing or two to learn ere she was competent to begin the contest, she opened negotiations with the daughter of a broken down merchant, who had been in society and was *au fait* to all that pertained to the fashionable world, and the result was Miss Cynthia Brierose, in consideration of certain hundreds per annum, agreed to pervade the atmosphere of Mrs. Gourd, and render it patrician by instructing that lady in polite nomenclature.

Mr. Jonas, in the meantime, having marked out his own peculiar line of conduct, made the best use of his time, ambitious to perfect himself in the profession of a fast man of leisure.

The tailor made a good deal of a man of him, so far as externals went, and laid the young gentleman under still greater obligation by introducing him to Mr. David Encre, who at once interested himself in his welfare.

"You see, Jonas, my boy," Mr. Encre observed in his friendly, patronizing way, as the two stood before the bar of a fashionable restaurant, "I'm going to see you through. You are green now decidedly, but I'll shake the hay-seed out of your hair, and bring you up in regular two-forty style."

It was very kind in Mr. Encre to take such an interest in him, Mr. Jonas considered, and he resolved to improve such advantages. Under his tutelage he soon learned to criticise brandy and cigars with quite the air of a connoisseur; also, to lose with tolerable grace some very considerable sums at cards. He likewise became accomplished in the neat art of dressing in the flashy, devil-may-care style very much in vogue in certain localities, but the thing he particularly prided himself on was his ability to stare impudently at ladies when he met them on the street.

Indeed, the education of Mr. Jonas progressed famously, and in the course of a few months he could manage to be carried home drunk every other night, and had lost hundreds of dollars at play. But he was not quite accomplished, for there were moments when the memory of Bessie came up before him, and pointed the finger of scorn at his fast degenerating manhood.

While these things were on the tapis, poor Gideon having exhausted the novelty of his position, began to sigh for something to do, and it was with the greatest difficulty that Mrs. Gourd prevented him from engaging in some respectable occupation which would not have been at all the thing for a man of wealth.

Finally, in default of anything better, he betook himself to the building of an absurd palace. A celebrated architect prepared the plan, and gradually the building rose from its foundation. There was a tower at one corner; there was a cupola on the roof; there were wings, verandas and furbelows without number; battlements, embrasures and casemates, until such a pile grew into existence as was never before seen upon the face of the earth, and it excited first the wonder and then the merriment of the town's people, who began to hint broadly that Gideon's architect had played him a wicked trick; but their sly insinuations never interfered with that gentleman's equanimity. He believed in his house, and to that and to feeding he devoted the remaining energies of his life.

Finally it was completed, and Mr. Gourd surveyed the strange edifice with unalloyed delight, and said to himself: "Now will I commence my new life;" and so he did, but in another and far away world; for that night, after a splendid supper, where rich viands and costly wines were served, he fell down in a fit, and took a long lease of a smaller house, six feet by two.

When the days of mourning were over, Jonas took possession of the great house and reigned in his father's stead. Both himself and his mother, through the joint efforts of Mr. Encre and Miss Brierose, now regarded themselves as decidedly fashionable people, and I am afraid found some relief in the absence of the ex-lumberman, who was apparently incompetent to perfect himself in the complicated science of etiquette, but the house which he had builded was straightway furnished a-la-mode, and the grounds tastefully laid out. A conservatory was also added, wherein bloomed many beautiful exotics, which Jonas and his mamma admired, and wished they could remember their names.

Mr. Jonas set up a picture gallery too, and affected a taste for the fine arts, although in this, as in all else, he was necessitated to trust implicitly in the judgment of Mr. Encre, and having learned from his instructor a few set phrases, about foreground and perspective, with the names of a few masters of the art, ancient and modern, he made bold to speak of his treasures, though in constant trepidation, poor fellow! lest some guest should lead him beyond the shallow water, where only he was competent to wade.

But painting was not the only branch of the fine arts patronized by our young gentleman. Upon Mr. Encre's recommendation he set up a taste for literature, and forthwith purchased a multitude of books, which he approved of or condemned as Mr. Encre suggested.

By such little innocent deceptions, Mr. Jonas soon began to acquire among a certain class the reputation of a man of taste, and by generous donations to the church of his adoption he soon came to be spoken of as a public spirited citizen.

All this was for a time rather agreeable to the mother and son, though occasionally malicious persons took a wicked pleasure in slyly reminding them of former times which ought to have been forgotten. Once in particular some wag, during the absence of the family at a fashionable watering place, planted some gourd seeds at the foot of his tower, and upon their return a mighty vine trailed over the front of his mansion, and half way up the tower, just peeping from an embrasure, was suspended one of the outlandish vegetables.

Jonas took the joke very much to heart, for, ever afterwards, the house was known as Jonah's Gourd.

Perhaps it was from this point in his history that the young gentleman began to experience a feeling of unsuitableness for the position he was striving to fill. Of what use was his splendid picture gallery and extensive library when he had not the educated taste to admire or appreciate them? It was mortifying when guests were with him and spoke intelligently of these treasures, that he could only reply in a few set terms learned parrot like from Encre.

Jonas had his moments of wishing himself back in his old life, or at least that he had some employment to relieve his growing ennui, and even went so far as to mention the matter to his mother, whereupon that lady became indignant, and regretted that she had lived to see the honorable and ancient name of Gourd disgraced by its sole representative expressing a predilection for a life of vulgar toil.

To this direct appeal, Mr. Jonas had nothing to reply, but it had furnished him with an idea, and that was a godsend. Mrs. Gourd had spoken of the name as ancient and honorable, and with Mr. Encre's assistance he set about convincing himself that such was the case. It is true his researches were somewhat retarded from the fact that the late Gideon had known neither father or mother, and never very clearly demonstrated the problem of his own existence or parentage, but the son persevered, and finally sent to the Heraldry Office for his coat of arms.

I am afraid the presiding genius of that office takes a wicked pleasure in practical jokes. At all events he sent back to Mr. Jonas as his family crest, the representation of a gourd vine in full bearing with a person reposing under the shadow thereof, and a line to the effect that the family was exceedingly ancient, dating back to Jonah of whaling notoriety, and that they had borne their present surname ever since the prophet took shelter under the remarkable one of a single night's growth.

Mrs. Gourd was exceedingly pleased with this idea of the antiquity of the family, and although Mr. Jonas was a little skeptical as to the reliability of the information, he was easily persuaded to have this crest engraved upon a costly seal ring, which from that time forward for a season, he ostentatiously displayed upon his little finger.

The space allowed me, will preclude my following my hero through the succeeding two years of his life. I will simply say that time brought far more to annoy than to glorify the house of Gourd. The young gentleman's mental and educational inferiority became more apparent to him every day, and with perceptive faculties now sharpened somewhat, he could not well avoid observing that the majority of those who courted his society and influence were solely actuated by his supposed riches,

and in their hearts considered him an ambitious *parvenu*.

Even Mr. Encre and Miss Brierose, he strongly suspected entertained a similar opinion, and only tolerated his mother and himself for the sake of the home beneath his roof; but there was no dispensing with these harpies. Without them, he could not have sustained his assumed gentility for a day, and as Mr. Encre was entrusted with the sole management of his monetary affairs, no one was particularly surprised when it was reported on 'Change one morning that the banking house that he had honored with his patronage had returned his check with the words: "No funds," endorsed thereon.

I mistake in saying that no one was surprised, for Mr. Jonas was very much astonished, and was quite unable to understand what it all meant. At first he inclined to the opinion that the bank gentlemen were facetious, and intended to say by way of a neat joke, that there was no fun in disbursing such inordinate quantities of money; but then it was scarcely possible that they should take such liberties with an individual of his importance. He must go down and see about it.

Alas! the mystery was easily explained, for he was met with the intelligence that he had withdrawn all his funds. It was very strange, but of a sudden bills began to pour in from every direction, and tradesmen who had never before ventured to hint even, of payment of their dues, had now no hesitation in declaring pointedly that they must have their money, and the result was that forty-eight hours sufficed to convince him that he owed debts to the full amount of his available property, if no more.

Jonas felt a sensation of faintness stealing over him, but being utterly incapable of examining into these complicated affairs, he went in pursuit of Mr. Encre, who received his communication with the most perfect nonchalance, only observing in his friendly way that every body must have their ups and downs, and that really he had had a pretty devilish good run.

Poor Jonas felt that he was betrayed and ruined, and that too by the man he had trusted implicitly; and with bitter feelings of indignation in his heart he sought his mother, and without any circumlocution informed her that they were beggars.

At first the good lady was incredulous, then indignant; then broken down; then insensible; then dead; of the same swift disease that terminated her husband's earthly career.

Jonas seemed completely paralyzed by the suddenness and magnitude of his misfortunes. He saw and mentally acquiesced in his mother's funeral obsequies; he saw and made no objection when, in accordance with a judicial decree, his house and all it contained were sold, and David Encre became the purchaser; he heard but did not fully comprehend its sneering heartlessness, when Mr. Encre informed him that for the sake of old associations, he should be pleased to retain him as coachman, nor did it occur to him in his half bewildered state, that the money paid by the purchaser for his house had been filched little by little from his own purse; but he was conscious that he was penniless, though free from debt; also that many who had formerly been only too glad to attract his notice, priest and Levite-like, passed by on the other side.

Sorrowing and almost heart broken he strode away from the house that was no longer his home, and turned his back forever upon the place that had witnessed his triumph and his humiliation.

He had no definite object or destination in view, and wandered on, sometimes seeking the hospitality of the great hearted farmers by the way, until at the end of a week he found himself, how he scarcely knew, within sight of his old home, and he then for the first time remembered that this family inheritance was still his own. His heart bounded with a sudden joy, and hurrying forward he stood within the old mill once again.

There was a great pine log on the carriage—he had a vivid recollection of how it came there, and everything looked as it did when he had abandoned it, only the once bright saw was just tarnished, and there was a general air of neglect and disuse.

He drew a long breath, and passed on toward the cottage, stopping as he went to shut down the guard gate which he had raised with such different feelings.

The cottage and its contents were as he had left them, but mildew had collected upon the walls, the ceiling was cracked and fallen in places, the ashes were cold and gray upon the hearth, and an air of loneliness and chill pervaded the deserted rooms that almost overpowered him.

Seating himself upon the great stone doorstep, over which the moss was beginning to creep, he buried his face in his hands, and tears trickled thick and fast through his fingers.

A light step sounded on the walk, and he looked up to see Bessie moving with downcast eyes along the path that crossed his door-yard, and wound away over the fields to her father's house.

She had not observed him until he stood beside her, and her little brown hand was clasped in his.

"Bessie, I have come back, poor, save in this old home of my father's, weary of the gay, heartless world, and very lonely, for I have no companion in my adversity. If you could forget the past, and be again to me what you once were—"

"The love I gave you never came back to me," Bessie said, gently interrupting him, "and if misfortune has come to you I will gladly lighten your burden by sharing it."

"God bless you, Bessie," was all the reply he vouchsafed to make, and the two sat down together, and the hours of the summer afternoon glided by unheeded; but when the sun was near the horizon, Bessie rose to go, and all had been explained and forgiven, so she went her way, and he stood watching her until she disappeared. Turning his eyes towards the pond he fancied it was full, and with a feeling of returning strength and manhood he hastened to the mill.

The old flutter wheel was somewhat warped from long idleness, and its floats began to give indications of a dry rot, but the waters were chafing in the narrow limits of the flume, so he hoisted the gate and proceeded to saw the pine log that had been so long waiting on the carriage, and from a mere excrescence upon the society for which nature and education had not fitted him, Jonas Gourd became a man.

Lee Avenue, Brooklyn, April 3d, 1865.

☞ Why had the Roman soldiers so much filial virtue? Because they never went to war without first seeking the blessing of Mars.

TO ——.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Morning's rosy, tinted fingers
Brush away the sparkling dew,
That like a tear of beauty lingers
In the violet's eye of blue.
That winged lyre of the sky,
The lark, awakes her strange, sweet lay—
All nature laughs with joy, while I
Can only weep—thou art away!

The noon is here, and sea and sky
Are calm as infant's first sweet sleep;
The rose-bud from her emerald hood
In blushes seems to shyly peep.
No sound now fills the perfumed air
Save winding hum of honey bee—
Tho' gladness meets me *everywhere*,
I still am sad—afar from thee!

'Tis twilight—that soft, witching hour
When fond hearts growing fonder seem;
When murmuring brook and closing flower
Are rapt, as in a happy dream.
A thousand stars like angel's eyes
Are keeping watches o'er me now;
While softly 'bove me bend the skies,
But still I'm sad—oh, where art thou?

'Tis midnight—gentle, balmy sleep
Hath to her kind arms taken me.
My tear closed eyes no longer weep—
In dreams, bright dreams, I fly to thee.
Thy tender tones are in my ear—
Thy breath, thy kiss are on my brow—
Thy smiles have chased away the tear—
In dreams we meet—I'm happy now!

THEO LEIGH.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER XLVI.

"ALL IN THE FAMILY."

The letter was written: so far well. More than that, the letter was sent off: the statement it contained could never be recalled, never explained away, never softened.

The poor fellow who had penned it—for though he was young, healthy, handsome, and heir to a fine title and estate, he felt himself to be a very poor fellow indeed in that hour—was profoundly miserable, more especially after he went to bed. His conscience had it all its own way with him as soon as ever he got his head upon his downy pillow. It made him feel very sick, and very desirous of sleeping away all his troubles, and very incapable of sleeping at all.

"There'll be the deuce to pay, too, when they hear it at Maddington," he thought, and this, though a very minor evil, was quite enough to make the minutes he gave to reflecting upon it in the stilly night hot and unrefreshing. He had not reeked of this when he began flirting with these two girls. Of his own free will he had made the idle folly so very serious—of his own free will he had approved himself such a sneak.

If he could only get out of this second fix. He turned the possibility of doing so over and over in his mind, as the night faded away and the morning light crept into his room; and still he could find no loophole; still the impression deepened that there was no escape for him. He had gone into the Scotts' camp, and the Scotts had managed matters so that there was no getting out of their camp again.

But even though he could escape, what then? Of what avail, as far as Theo was concerned, would it be to free himself from Sydney? The letter which, when Theo read it, would make him seem so very mean a thing in her eyes, was written, was gone! He knew himself to have been a sneak in the transaction, and he knew that she would feel him to have been one.

Stormy sensations succeeded. He had been taken in, he had been induced to behave like a blackguard; the whole lot of them (he meant the Scotts) had traded on those finer instincts of his which made him gentle and gallant in his manner to women! He swore at his last betrothed and her family, as he thought of all these things, and there was more rage and fury in his heart against them than they deserved.

He knew himself now to have been a green foolish boy; and he was but this, for all that habit of his of seeming a man of the world. He had been David Linley's tool first, and since then he had been the tool of his own vanity.

Through the long hours of the night he gave himself up to a grim black view of the case; as the dawn crept on he began to be more hopeful—to think that he might drift out of it, and win a pardon from Theo before any one knew that he had contemplated this baseness towards her, even for an hour. But when the morning came, these latter hopes were crushed and killed at once and decidedly.

"There's a gentleman waiting for you in the coffee-room, sir," the man said, who brought in Mr. Burgoyne's hot water.

"What's his name?" Frank asked sleepily. He was much fatigued now with unwonted night thought; very gladly would he have turned his head on the pillow, and let the gentleman wait for yet another hour. But when he heard who it was, he knew that even so much respite from that family could not be granted.

"The gentleman said he wished to see you immediate, sir. Here's his card." The card was inscribed with the name of Mr. Scott, and when he read it Frank groaned, and said he would be down presently.

He went down presently, and found Mr. Scott, Sydney's father, awaiting him in undress uniform. "What the deuce *did* he come in that for?" the unfortunate Frank thought. "I must say that for Leigh, that he never forced the unwelcome truth down my throat that it was a fine thing to be a lieutenant in the Navy."

Mr. Leigh belonged to the past—to that past on which, all things considered, Frank ought not to have dwelt. What Mr. Leigh had done, and what Mr. Leigh had left undone, was of no moment whatever (or should have been of no moment) to Mr. Scott's future son-in-law. Mr. Leigh—grand dignified old gentleman that he had been—was of the past. It was with this very different sample of the service that Frank had to deal now.

He attempted to look surprised in a superior manner when he came into the room, and found Mr. Scott strutting about impatiently between the windows. Now, the strut was not a newly-acquired thing on the part of Mr. Scott. It had been his all his life. He had strutted out of his cradle under the grate when an infant. He had strutted on the quarter-deck when a man. The gait had done him some injury, in the estimation of the many who judge by appearances, all his life long; but it had never been so offensively apparent to Frank Burgoyne as at this moment.

Accordingly, that young patrician, though he strove to look surprised in a superior manner only, looked disgusted at the mode of taking exercise affected by Mr. Scott, as well. Had Mr. Scott been a mere sea-bear, Frank could have stood him better. He would have laid all shortcomings to the score of the "service." But Mr. Scott was not a rough sea-bear; he was a pretentious under-bred old snob, and Frank saw him to be such.

"My dear boy, I thought I'd just give you a call as I was passing. I'm a-going on to see one of the 'Lords'—a most useful fellow for you to know, by-the-way; you had better come with me, and I'll introduce you."

Mr. Scott said this with affected carelessness; but Frank looked through that carelessness, and saw that his future father-in-law was bursting with impatience to be seen abroad in the best haunts he (Mr. Scott) knew with Lord Lesborough's heir. Frank saw the desire, and ill-temperedly resolved to defeat it.

"Rather early for a call, isn't it, unless you're very intimate with him?"

"Best friends in the world, my dear boy," (this form of address was perhaps the most obnoxious to Frank of any Mr. Scott could have selected). "Best friends in the world, my dear boy; his lordship has remarked to me more than once 'Scott, my dear fellow, you'd be in a very different position if merit had its desert.'"

"Humph!" Frank grunted.

"You had much better come on to him with me, and I'll introduce you; splendid fellow for you to know; most influential man under the present administration."

"Perish the present administration; I don't care a d—— for it," Frank replied sulkily, striking his hands in his pockets, and looking out of the window. "The old cad talks to me as if I were one of his own low-born whelps," he thought. Then he remembered that he had just asked one of the aforesaid to be his own wife, and he winced.

Mr. Scott's soul shivered at this blasphemous mention of one who was to him a demi-god. But he reminded himself that the speaker of that blasphemy was one of the denizens in that more perfect air in which his demi-god habitually dwelt out of office hours. For all he knew to the contrary, this, his future son-in-law, might wing his flight more boldly in those regions than did the official! The thought was a proud one. It made Mr. Scott feel more affectionate towards Frank on the spot.

"His lordship is very much bent on the extermination of some of our standing abuses. I should like to bring you together—you might promise him that when you take your seat you would ask a question on the mismanagement of—"

"Curse the mismanagement and the mismanagers! I don't care a d— about it."

He glared out of the window savagely, and there was silence for a minute or two, till Frank felt ashamed of himself; then he asked by way of apology:

"Any message from Sydney for me? You see I'm thinking more about her just now than about the blemishes in the decayed old systems."

Sydney's father accepted the partially-expressed apology with admirable promptitude. The strongest feeling within him at this epoch was, that it "was a mighty fine thing to be father-in-law to a very magnificent," not three-tailed bashaw, but that far finer thing, a rich young English gentleman, who would before long have a handsome handle to his name.

"Yes," he replied, diving into one of his pockets. "Sydney sent you this note, and she hopes—I mean Mrs. Scott and I hope—that you will come down to-morrow and dine with us at seven; quite a plain family dinner, I assure you."

Mr. Scott spoke the last portion of his invitation in the impressive tones people are apt to use when endeavoring to persuade another to come and partake of a repast under their hospitable roof. Why on earth the assertion that it is a "mere quiet affair—quite a family dinner," should be looked upon by the majority of warm-hearted inviters as an irresistible inducement, I do not know. A family dinner, as far as my experience goes, is a thing to flee from, if you would not have Melancholy claim you for her own. Others must feel the same as regards it, I am sure; yet the promise of it has a permanent place in the conventional formula man speaks when he asks his brother man to come and feed with him.

There was no excuse for him; none, that is, that he could readily make. There is no escape for him; he was in the meshes; and any struggles he might make in the attempt to free himself from them would be not alone unbecoming and undignified, but futile. The reflection they would be this last kicked the beam in favor of his not making them. He felt himself to be a calf, but he reflected that the wilful calf is even more ridiculous than the meek one.

He promised therefore to go down to the little pleasant family gathering at Mr. Scott's on the following day; and when he had so promised, Mr. Scott, finding that the honor of strutting out in company with Lord Lesborough's heir could not be his, strutted away alone.

Frank Burgoyne sauntered back to his private room, where breakfast and the contributions of many posts were awaiting him, and as he sat himself down to pate and the perusal of those letters, he swore that he would never gratify old Scott's wild desire to show him off. "I'll marry the daughter,—I shall have to do that, I suppose, and then I'll cut the whole connection," he muttered. "My stars! fancy me being asked to go off and sue for the patronage of an intimate friend of that old fellow's." Then he fell upon the pate morosely, and found it lacking in flavor, and opened letter after letter with a lax interest until he came to one—a brief one—a sheet of note-paper, containing a few lines from Harold Ffrench, telling him of his grandfather's danger and approaching dissolution, and desiring his instant presence at Maddington. He put the letter down with a sigh of relief. He was not naturally cruel, or even callous, but the fear of the consequences of his own bad conduct was crushing out the best of his nature. Formerly, his first thought would have been to regret the demise of his kind-hearted, wrong-headed old grandfather; but now his first thought was that his change of faith would not change his prospects. He would be Lord Lesborough himself in a few days, perhaps in a few hours. Anyway, if the transition of his troth could be kept quiet for awhile, there would be no danger of his being cut off with the entailed property alone.

His first impulse was good enough, only he did not act on it. "I will go down to Maddington at once," he thought, as he laid the letter down. By the time he had finished breakfast, however, it had occurred to him that he could do no good by going down to Maddington at once. "A day—since his grandfather was so far gone already—could make no difference; if he could do any good, of course he would go without delay; but what good could he do? He would only create confusion; so he had better wait till to-morrow." Could it be that he was getting cowardly—this gallant-looking, brave-fronted, frank-eyed young fellow?

So he stayed in town, and strove to pass the time in such a way as to preclude thought, but this he could not manage. Ever and anon it would come upon him that he had done a base thing, without the faint excuse of its being very pleasant in the doing. The girl he had left had to the full as much charm for him as the one for whom he had left her. As much? Nay, more, he began to feel bitterly, and as he felt this he cursed that baneful habit of flirting which had wrecked him.

There was no comfort in his club for him this day. He shrank away from all the men he knew, lest they should have heard of his grandfather's state, and should ask him "why he was not down at Maddington?" Under ordinary circumstances he would have been as quick with the tale and ready with the lie as the majority. But this was not an ordinary occasion; he felt himself to be equally unable to conceive a satisfactory fiction as to tell a shameful truth.

Finally, he bethought himself of going down to Bretford, to see Sydney, this day, since he would be compelled to break his appointment with her on the morrow. Moodily he assured himself that he "should not see any fellow down *there* whom he knew"—none of his set congregated in those regions. With which complimentary reflection on the locality in which dwelt his future bride, he set off to visit her.

He got down to the Scotts' about five o'clock, and no sooner did he cross their threshold than it was made evident to him that his coming just then was very inopportune. A gabble as of Babel had smote upon his ears from the open drawing-room window as he passed it, the sound of many female voices in full cry over some recently started subject. But no sooner did he ring, and give his name in a loud voice than a dead silence, a fearful calm, a terrible lull fell over all the house. Then whispers like zephyrs were heard—then breezy suggestions—then windy remonstrances; lastly, Sydney's voice rose clear and defiant above all others. "Nonsense, mamma," she said, "he's not to be kept dancing in the hall any longer, I can tell you;" and then the drawing-room door was thrown open, and Sydney, very becomingly arrayed in demi-toilette, came out determinately.

She was put out by something; perhaps it might be by his coming when she had not expected him. He did not care to fathom the cause, he was only conscious of being amused by the effect. Sydney was very bright in the eyes, and very flushed in the face, and very bustling in manner. He was very glad that he had come to day, for he cared for no "calm of love" with her.

"Oh, Frank, it's you!" she began. "Will you come into the dining-room for a minute?"

She half-opened the door of the empty dining-room as she spoke. Frank shook his head, negativing her proposition.

"No, no; you have some friends with you, I presume by all this." He touched her diaphanous draperies as he spoke. "Why should I take you from them; I can't come to-morrow; so as you hadn't told me of your company, I thought I might come to-day."

"Why not to-morrow?—I must have you."

"You can't, unfortunately," he said coolly. "I'm off to Maddington; my grandfather is dying."

The spirit of exultation at the prospect before her leaped up within her in a flash.

"Dying! is he? Of course, you will go. Dear Frank, I'm so glad you came to-day. Company—it's no 'company;' but come in."

She walked in before him willingly enough; she no longer sought to delay his entrance into the assemblage they were entertaining. She was oblivious of all things save that it was on the cards that she would soon be Lady Lesborough now.

It was a tolerably large party that upon which he entered; there were about a dozen or fourteen people seated round a table, on which a high tea was steaming. It was clearly no impromptu festivity; there was a look about all who were partaking of it of having come for the express purpose of partaking of it—a look of having been invited for that solemn end, together with a certain air of resolution not to be defrauded of an atom of it. There were several well-conducted young men at the table—young men who sat straight on the extreme verge of their chairs, and made remarks to their immediate neighbors in still small voices and interspersed amongst these were several elderly ladies, who were one and all eating hot toast with a wealth of butter upon it, in white kid gloves, that didn't fit them. For one moment, on his entrance, Mrs. Scott almost took fire from excess of vexation; the next she spoke with the Brummagen hilarity and recklessness of despair.

"Law! how glad I am you're come, Mr. Burgoyne. Find him a chair, Scott, and make him comfortable—no ceremony, you see—it's all in the family."

Then horror took the place amusement had held for a few minutes in Frank Burgoyne's heart, as Mrs. Scott introduced him separately and distinctly to each of the white-kidded ladies and well-conducted young men, and he found that they were one and all aunts and cousins of the bright-eyed young being who was attentively watching him through this ordeal, to see how he stood it.

It was simply awful to him. Had they been grossly vulgar he could have borne it better, he thought. Anything, in fact, would have been preferable to this atrocious under-breeding which kept them straight on the edges of their chairs, and suppressed and subdued their tones. From the moment of his appearance on the stage not one of them would eat a bit more toast, or do more than simperingly sip their tea. They were all in awe of them, that was evident; in awe of his position and future rank; but, all, in awe of that gentle breeding which was stranger than all else to them. I am ashamed to say that, for all his outward calmness, he was "cursing the lot" in his heart, as he glanced round the circle, and saw that the eyes of the whole party were fixed smilingly upon him, in a way he could have murdered them for.

CHAPTER XLVII.

NEMESIS.

"Is he alive still?" Frank Burgoyne asked eagerly of his Aunt Ethel, as he was embracing her immediately on his arrival at Maddington the following day.

"Yes, dear," she replied, through her tears, "and quite sensible, thank God! and oh! Frank, so anxious for you."

Frank Burgoyne was not bloodthirsty by nature, nor was he murderously inclined. Yet it is a fact that his heart sunk when he heard that Lord Lesborough was alive, and in full possession of his senses still. As he was going to die, it would have been so much more pleasant and convenient if he had done it already. His hanging on, if discoveries were made, would only complicate an already complicated position.

"Come up to papa at once—do, dear," Ethel pleaded, after a silence of a few minutes.

"I'm coming; hadn't you better go and tell him first?" he pleaded.

"No. I sent up word of your arrival the instant I saw you coming in. Oh! my dear boy, I'm so glad you're here. Do come."

"Ye-es, I'm coming. Is Ffrench with him?"

"No. Mr. Ffrench is in the oak parlor with Mr. Vaughan; the dear Vaughans, they are so kind. How's Theo?"

Frank started up.

"Come up with me, Ethel," he said, without noticing her inquiry; and then they went up stairs together, he almost seeming to seek support from her arm.

He had an invincible repugnance to going into the presence of the dying. It was not the superstitious fear which sometimes seizes a woman in the immediate atmosphere of death. It was rather a weighty dread that the death would be delayed till his secret had transpired. He almost prayed that his grandfather would be past taking an interest in anything worldly; he had difficulty in checking an ardent hope that Lord Lesborough might be quite speechless and deaf.

But Lord Lesborough was neither. Frank could not control a little start of surprise when he came to the bed, and saw so little that seemed to him to resemble death in the aspect of the composed old man who was stretched upon it. Then a spasm seized his heart. Supposing that composure should be marred and broken up by him before it was merged in the more complete and absolute composure of death. He could not trust himself to speak immediately on the birth of this reflection; so he contented himself with putting his hand on the pale one that was put out feebly to greet him.

"I'm glad you're come, my boy. I'm going fast—going fast, Frank," Lord Lesborough muttered feebly; and then Ethel created a diversion by bursting out with a sob, for which one of the nurses in attendance instantly ejected her from the room.

"Don't say that, sir," Frank replied feebly.

"But it is so, my boy—my dear boy, it is so," and here Lord Lesborough's own voice broke with a sob, for life was sweet, was very sweet to the old man, even yet. Presently he resumed in a calmer tone, "There's one thing I should have liked—to see you married before I go; but you'll not wait long before you marry and settle here, and be an honor to your name, will you, Frank?"

"No," Frank said faintly; he felt that he was acting a lie by thus suffering the belief which dictated Lord Lesborough's words to remain undisturbed when foundation for it no longer existed. But "what could he do," he asked himself; "what could he do—now?"

"No, no, you'll not delay it long," Lord Lesborough repeated. "She's a dear good girl, Frank, a dear good girl; I wish she had come down to see me before I go," and when he said that Lord Lesborough began to cry again, and Frank tried to shuffle away from the side of the bed.

"I have left my black cabinet—that one that's filled with blue Sevres, to Theo, and many other things that Ffrench thought she would like for her own."

("How can a man on the brink of the grave think of blue earthenware?") Frank thought; ("he can't be half as bad as they made out. I wish I hadn't come.")

"Harold Ffrench is very thoughtful for Miss Leigh," he said aloud.

"He knows her, and values her. You're not jealous, are you, boy?" the old man asked, as his grandson drew himself away, and sat down on a chair that was partially behind the curtain.

"Jealous! No, no, sir."

"I liked the little girl," Lord Lesborough went on dreamily; in truth he had thought but little and cared less for Theo Leigh till his favorite Harold had impressed the fact of her value upon him. "I liked the little girl; always liked her; I should like to do more for her; but it doesn't matter, she will share a very fair fortune with you, my boy, a very fair fortune indeed."

Could he sit there and hear this. Oh! for a tongue to tell the truth without a falter that might betoken fear. Such a tongue was not his, he knew; therefore he kept silent.

"All you have she'll share with you, and they all tell me that she richly deserves it. You have done well in your choice of a wife, my boy. God bless you and her."

After this Frank got himself away out of the room as fast as he could, and made his way to his own suite of apartments, from whence he dispatched a messenger for Ethel to come to him.

"I want you to come and bathe my head with eau-de-cologne, Ethel," he said, in his old half-imperious, spoiled-boy tone as soon as she came into the cosy den they called his study.

"Does it ache, dear?" she said, fondly putting away all thoughts of her own throbbing brows at once. Then he laid himself down upon a couch, and she bathed his forehead tenderly, and beguiled the time by thinking how handsome, and good, and noble altogether he was.

"I hope you'll be able to see Mr. Vaughan before he goes, Frank?" she said softly at last, in a suggestive tone, "he wants to see you."

"He be ——," Frank returned morosely; "there, I *beg* your pardon, Ethel. Lord! how my brain racks. I *can't* see old Vaughan, I tell you; what does he want to see me for?"

Frank spoke with such unwonted peevishness that Ethel stared.

"Really, Frank, I don't know what he wants to see you for; it's very natural that he should

do so, isn't it? Theo is his niece, remember."

"What is that to me? There," catching her hand, "I didn't mean to be impatient; but I'm upset altogether; don't you worry me, there's a good girl. The two people in this world who bore me most nearly out of my mind are Vaughan and Harold Ffrench: I can't stand either of them now; you may make any excuse you think proper" (this was uttered after the magnificent manner of men who never deem it necessary to furnish those unfortunates whom they elect to the honorable post of their excusers, with fitting words), "you may make any excuse you think proper. Say I'm in my bed, or in my grave, or in a deuce of a humor; anything will serve, so long as you keep them from me."

"Oh, Frank, Frank, what has come to you?" Ethel asked thoughtfully; "something has gone wrong with you; what is it?"

But he told her nothing had gone wrong with him; he only needed a night's rest. Soon after this she left him, and for the remainder of that day he was spared all mention of Theo Leigh.

The morrow brought a little spurious strength to Lord Lesborough, and (more distracting still to Lord Lesborough's grandson) a letter from Sydney Scott, that got animadverted upon at the breakfast-table before it was handed to Frank by Ethel.

"Why it is that Miss Scott's writing—what can the little thing have to say to you, Frank?—nothing amiss with Theo, I hope?" Ethel asked eagerly, as Frank, after glancing at the letter, put it away in his pocket.

"No, nothing," he replied, and he looked up scowlingly at Harold Ffrench, who was watching him as he said it.

"She was a most charming little flirt, that Miss Scott," Ethel went on; "do you remember she even tried her hand on Mr. Linley, and he was very much at her feet for a time."

"Very much at her feet—might have been her grandfather!" Frank exclaimed.

"So he might; but all the same he was, and she liked it," Ethel replied. "He was, wasn't he, Mr. Ffrench?"

"Was he?" Harold French evidently was not thinking about whether the statement was correct or not. "Has anything been heard of Linley lately? Do you know where he is, Burgoyne?"

"Abroad—where, I can't tell exactly; somewhere on the Rhine I believe," Frank replied affably. He was uncommonly glad to change the subject from Miss Sydney Scott and her letter.

"If you come across his address I wish you would give it to me," Harold French said quietly; and Frank in all unsuspiciousness promised that he would do so.

Lord Lesborough continued better during the day. His medical attendants shook their heads with much sapience, and told everybody what everybody knew already, that his lordship had rallied wonderfully; there was no saying now what turn the case might take," they added—a phrase which is frequently found to be soothing as well as safe.

Frank had paid his grandfather a visit after breakfast, and had been tortured by more allusions to Theo Leigh. When he came out of the sick-room he felt much depressed and grieved in spirit. A longing for sympathy seized him, and he resolved upon making a confidante of Ethel—of Ethel, who had always "stood by him" since their babyhood.

"Come out into the grounds and have a turn with me, will you, Ethel?"

"Yes; you ought just to go and give Mrs. Vaughan a look, Frank."

"Oh, Mrs. Vaughan be ——. Well, I won't say what, only don't make me go there."

"Very well," she replied simply, going away to get her hat and shawl; and he hoped the matter was ended, for already Frank, the vacillating, had begun to repent him of the but just formed determination to confide in Ethel.

When, however, they had been out in the grounds for a few minutes, Ethel resumed the subject.

"Frank, tell me. Why did you shun the Vaughans?"

"Oh!—I don't know."

"You do know, of course. But will you tell me?"

He walked a little faster, and made no answer.

"Something has gone wrong with Theo and you; tell *me*, Frank."

Still no answer.

"Have you found out that you were over hasty that night at Lowndes?"

"Yes, I have," he replied suddenly.

"And broken it off? Oh, Frank, it will be an awful blow to papa, after things have gone so far—if he lives to know of it, that is," she added mournfully.

The spirit of confidence was upon Frank now.

"That isn't all," he said sadly. "I wish to heaven it was; but I'm in for another affair, Ethel. I'm—"

"Not engaged to any one else?" she cried out in her clear ringing accents, dropping his arm, and looking at him fixedly.

The color came into his face under her gaze.

"Don't tax a fellow with it as though it were a crime," he said deprecatingly.

"A crime—it would be a crime, Frank. Tell me—you're not guilty?"

"Not guilty, but engaged again," he said miserably; for again he felt himself to be a very poor fellow.

"I *can't* think it of you," she said sorrowfully; indeed I can't. You must tell me all there is to tell now, Frank. You must indeed; but, before you tell it to me, understand that I'll be no party to anything underhand. What there is to be known ought to be known at once, I think."

And then, though he dreaded nothing so much as its getting abroad, he felt himself drawn on to tell her the whole story.

She loved him very dearly, but he could wring no more from her than this—that she would not volunteer the tale to his grandfather.

"I won't go up and tell papa, unless anything is said that would make my holding my tongue appear like a belief in the marriage between Theo and you, Frank. In such a case I must speak, because it would be mean to be silent."

When she said that, Frank remembered how mean he had felt the night before in holding his peace; and so, though he was very wroth with her for entertaining such scruples, he could not doubt their being genuine and strong.

"Well, I can only hope that nothing will be said; but it will be like my cursed luck for it all to come out. Lord Lesborough will make the most of it, you may be sure."

He spoke in a bitter, sarcastic tone, and Ethel's heart bled for him, but still she could not side with him here.

"Don't anger at papa, Frank," she said mournfully. "You have behaved very badly. The only thing now is for you to bear the fruits of your fault like a man."

As ill luck would have it, the subject was mooted by Lord Lesborough again that evening. Mooted in such a way that Frank could not evade it.

"And you hadn't the courage to avow your scoundrelism yesterday, when, etc, my fond folly made plans for your mutual happiness, as I thought," the old man said, choking with rage.

"If you think me a scoundrel, I had better not stay in your presence," Frank replied, turning away and walking out of the room. His heart was hardened against his grandfather, and his grandfather's heart was hardened against him.

In the night Lord Lesborough altered his will, leaving the whole of the unentailed property to Harold Ffrench; and on the following morning Lord Lesborough died, and Frank was master of Maddington.

CHAPTER XLVIII (AND LAST.)

A SOUND OF WEDDING BELLS.

For a little time after the meaning of that letter had been made clear to her, Theo lay at her mother's feet with her head on her mother's lap,—remained there powerless and motionless, for the unexpectedness of the blow had struck her down completely. They were terrible thoughts that rolled through the girl's mind as she lay there; her soul was very dark, and there was none by to "quickly string" a harp whose chords might perchance tell a tale of brighter things. An hour before she had been rich in the anticipation of so much. She lay there prostrate now—a bankrupt in love, in hope, in happiness.

For about an hour she remained there on the ground, motionless in her misery. Then she rose to her feet, and her face, instead of being wan, and pale, and worn, as her mother had anticipated seeing it, was flushed and hot. She looked at herself in the glass for a minute or two, pushing her hair back over her ears as she looked; and the action was so childish, and the face that gazed into the glass was so young, that her mother could but sob over the many years of sorrow that were before her child. After looking at herself in silence for a few minutes, Theo retreated from the glass and rested against the side of the window, with her face, buried in the curtains, and then she spoke.

"I mayn't be able to remember two things in a day or two that I ought to tell you at once, mother dear; one is, that I've bought my wedding-dress, and it must be got rid of—it will not be needed now; and the other is, that I'm glad this didn't happen while my father was alive."

She did not say this calmly by any means; she said it with many sobs, and with a terrible quivering throughout her frame. Suddenly, and before her mother could frame a reply to her last speech, she changed her position. Her restlessness seemed to betoken bodily pain as well as mental; she went over and leant on the bed, with her face on the pillow.

"It's very hard, very hard. Do you think it has come to me because I was ready to love another man so soon after Mr. Ffrench? It couldn't be that. Or is God spiteful?"

"Theo, Theo, my child!"

Again Theo moved; this time it was away to the mantel-piece, against the cold marble of which she pressed her forehead.

"I can't think it's that, for He made me loving. What is it?—what is it?—why am I cursed?"

Again the hot tears poured themselves in a torrent from her eyes, as once more she moved back to the bed. Mrs. Leigh congratulated herself at sight of those tears. "She won't suffer so much if she can cry," she thought, in unconsciousness of the exquisite anguish tears caused one afflicted with such a temperament as Theo.

"I wonder what will become of me," she said presently; "it doesn't seem to matter a bit now, battered about as I have been; but perhaps I shall care again some day. What can become of me? Oh! all those things I've got! I'll lie down and think what I will do with them."

Then once more her hands went up to her head, and she sank down upon the floor wailing.

"I thought he loved me,—I was so sure of it."

They gathered her up, and carried her to her room, and laid her on her bed, where she lay tossing about and moaning for hours. In the middle of the night she woke, and told her mother, who was watching her with an anxiety that precluded all thoughts of fatigue, that she was "better now, and in no pain, only thirsty." After this, the absence from pain and the thirst continued for four or five days, during which she got up and dressed as usual. But when she was up and dressed she would sit for hours doing nothing, and saying nothing, and looking very pale. At the end of that time the fever that was in her came out and showed itself, and soon she was shorn of her wavy tresses, and was lying perfectly helpless, and perfectly unconscious of her misery. And this lasted for weeks.

Meanwhile the old Lord Lesborough was buried, and the young Lord Lesborough had fairly taken possession of Maddington, to which place Mr. Scott came presently, in order to comfort his future son-in-law in his affliction, much to that unlucky one's chagrin. Miss Burgoyne and Ethel, together with their little sister, had decided upon living in London, so Frank was free to bring home his bride as soon as he pleased, a fact which Mr. Scott soon gave Lord Lesborough to understand he perceived.

Harold Ffrench was about to depart—none knew where. He had got Mr. Linley's current address from Lord Lesborough, to whom David Linley had written immediately on his accession to the title. Mr. Linley was living at a "sweet sequestered spot," so he described it, just free of the tourist's track, in a village whose very name was unknown to the frequenters of the Rhine. Here he was innocently, and he trusted profitably, employed in writing a novel, that, when it came out the following year, should win him that celebrity and fortune which had hitherto been denied him. Harold Ffrench listened to these details with interest, and even jotted down the name of the village in his note-book.

It must be understood, before proceeding further, that although Harold Ffrench was aware of the late Lord Lesborough having some cause for wrath against his grandson—some cause sufficiently strong to induce him to alter his will in favor of him, Harold—he had no suspicion of the real reason of that wrath, for the Burgoynes were so absorbed in their grief for their father, that no mention had been made of Frank's shortcomings. He prepared to leave Maddington, still believing it to be Theo's future home.

On the day previous to his departure, Harold Ffrench sat with Ethel in the oak parlor.

He sincerely felt the death of Lord Lesborough; the passing away of a true and well-tried friend is no little thing, and he, who had met with so much that was false in life, realized this.

Ethel was very sad and very quiet, and it was only when she suddenly broke the silence that she observed how absorbed her companion had been.

"I suppose you will remain till after Frank is married?" she said to him.

He started, and looked at her as if she had struck him sharply, as he replied:

"No; I have made my arrangements to leave to-morrow."

"It would have been pleasant if you could have remained, though," she continued rather absently, as though there was little interest to her in the approaching event.

Harold was silent. In his heart he was wondering how he would feel on any part of the globe at *that time*.

"It may, after all, be a happy match. In time, Frank's character will, I hope, own the influence which must come with his new life, and Sydney—"

With his hand clenching the table, Harold Ffrench struggled to his feet, and all at once it flashed across Ethel's mind that he had been ignorant of Frank's conduct. Standing before her, he seemed to sway as one who has received a great blow. Ethel remembered he had looked so once before, when she had told him of Frank's engagement with Theo.

She put her hand to her head as if to steady herself for the disagreeable task, and then said faintly:

"I had forgotten, Mr. Ffrench, it was so sudden, and poor papa was so ill, that you did not know that—that—"

How could she speak of Frank's perfidy? Never had it seemed so black as now, when she must tell it to another.

But there was scarcely need for her to attempt a word—Harold Ffrench understood all only too well. When he spoke, it was in a tone of suppressed passion, and she trembled at the look in his face.

"Then Lord Lesborough's engagement with Miss Leigh is at an end?"

Ethel only bowed her head; she felt too heart-sick of the affair to find voice.

Walking to a window, Harold stood with fixed but sightless gaze. He had, indeed, received a blow. Theo, innocent, loving Theo, what had she ever done to merit the sorrow which had been poured out upon her life? For a moment he seemed to forget the man who had done her this wrong, and thought only of her, broken, crushed—perhaps never to rise again. Her fair young life, as he had first known it, came up to him in all its freshness; her life, which had first been clouded because of *him*, and now, when he had thought she might be happy, when he had schooled himself to see her pass into another's care, that *that other* should have failed her! While staggering under the weight of the blow which was now crushing her heart, another pressing weight fell upon him, but it was as the weight which one sustains when a precious burden once taken from them, is again given back to their arms; the sweet, overpowering sense that Theo lay prone and helpless, and that he was now a free man, and had the power to comfort her and save her from all future trial. A longing desire to see her, to be with her, took possession of him, and he even started with the wild impulse to go to her. Then came the thought that she would shrink from him, that this was no time, when her love, like wine from a dashed goblet, still lay upon her lips; he knew her too well not to know that her sensitive nature could bear no eye upon her grief. Not yet, at least, could he look upon her face.

As for Lord Lesborough, when he thought of him, it was side by side with Linley, and the dark intent which of late had formed in his heart toward the latter, seemed for a moment to enfold the former. He had determined to seek Linley, he had determined to demand anew satisfaction of the man who had blighted his early years, and made his manhood the desolate thing it was. But one thing had seemed left to him—to close in with his old enemy, and with his blood blot out the hateful past. But let it go. Linley's power was forever at an end, and the thought of this, and the recollection of the wrong he had done was as bad a fate as could be wished for such a man. It was likely they would never meet again, and he would try to keep him out of his thoughts. Harold Ffrench left Maddington the next day, only going out to Hampstead, just to look at the house where his jewel was.

Three months later, and there is a sound of wedding-bells. They are ringing out merrily through the keen December air, foretelling all sorts of good things for the pair whose nuptials they are melodiously celebrating. The church in whose belfry they are hung is in the West End district. Pausing on the threshold of that church, the inquirers may hear murmurs of a "double event."

A double event! Two pairs made happy on one day! Hail, smiling morn! that sees this blessed quadrilateral. They have "no connection whatever," the fussy old pew-opener will tell any one who will tip her sufficiently well to induce her to tell anything at all. Nor had they, in reality, any "connection whatever," save the connection formed all unconsciously to themselves in these pages.

The first pair, the pair to whom the pew-opener and her fellow-sycophants curtseyed the lowest—the pair to whom the best-horsed carriages belonged—the pair that called a hearty "God bless 'em!" from the populace—were Lord Lesborough and Sydney Scott. He made her a happy woman that morning—not, perhaps, with the best will in the world, for he hated her cousins, who required all sorts of good posts and lucrative appointments at his hands; but still, with a sufficiently good grace to pass muster, and look all that was desirable in the eyes of the crowd.

Sydney was gorgeous—as gorgeous as is possible to be in white. She looked very happy and very plump, and very much as if all things had gone well with her in life, as she passed down the aisle under her tulle and lace veil.

"Don't kiss me till I get home and take off my wreath, or you'll cram it, Frank," she said to him as soon as they had seated themselves in the carriage, and he ceased from all demonstrations at once, in prompt recognition of her superior self-possession. Lady Lesborough made only one more important speech that day; it deserves to be noted down as we take a last leave of her.

"Mamma, dear," she said, when she had made a very good breakfast, and was holding herself in readiness to take her husband away; "give the whole lot of them," (by the "whole lot of them" she meant all such as sat on the verge of their chairs and made timorous speeches) give the whole lot of them to understand that they keep clear of *me*. Frank shall provide for the boys, as far as getting them good berths goes; but I won't have them lumbering up my house."

The other pair whom God joined in such a way that no man could put asunder, will, I fear, administer a slight shock when witnessed in this conjunction.

The bride quakes like an indifferently-made jelly as she comes down the church, leaning on the arm of the earnest young divine, Mr. Shalders, who has taken Lady Glaskill for better for worse in consideration of her dividends, the fabulous wealth in those boxes which she has never permitted him to open, and his own intense desire to have a London pulpit and an impressionable female audience. He will have these things now, and Lady Glaskill, the wife of his evangelical bosom, will mutter and mouth full many an evening in silent solitude, while he is intoning prayers under a deftly adjusted light, pleasantly posed upon crimson velvet cushions.

A year goes by, and Theo, risen from her sickness and her trouble, with her old unselfishness, is trying to make life pleasant to her mother's declining years; her mother is now the one object on which her love and faith centre. The little house at Hampstead bears no gloom because of her sorrow, and those about her have had no chance to pet and make a heroine of her, as they expected. Of all others, Kate Galton perhaps best understands Theo, and what she has suffered. Mr. and Mrs. John Galton are often seen at Hampstead, and in time Theo and her mother are persuaded to go to the Grange, where they realized the happy change in Kate's character, and the effect of it upon her home.

Kate receives letters from Harold Ffrench, and without the least constraint talks to Theo of him, telling her such facts in connection with his wanderings as may be interesting to her as his friend. And Theo listens, pleased to hear of one whom she has never failed to respect. As to her *love* for him, that seems something so very far back that she half-wonders, when she thinks of it at all, if it could have been.

But Harold Ffrench long since this is weary of his many wanderings, and sighs for rest. Love, home, and rest with *Theo*, his heart had said long before, and now again repeats. He had not met David Linley, he thanked God for that; and now, with no stain upon his hands, and only forgiveness in his heart, he retraces his steps. Hampstead looks rather lonely, the house very quiet on a certain evening as Theo sits reflective, but scarcely sad in the little parlor. An old familiar step approaches, and Harold Ffrench, looking much the same, looks down upon Theo with a little of her freshness gone, but her old truth, purity, and trust shining in her eyes. There is a story told, this night, a story of a man's wronged and darkened life; and at its close Theo cries, "Oh, if papa had only known!" Ah, *if!* how like the sharp white finger of the dead this little word haunts our lives, pointing to what might have been, what *could* have been, and what *should* have been. Did Theo think if all this knowledge had but come to her sooner she might have escaped that last sad passage in her life? Or was it only her desire that the man in whom she had ever held unshaken trust should have been trusted by her father? Theo looks back, looks back to see how all has been changed since those early days, and Harold Ffrench waits, patiently and reverently, while she touches the dead past. The bloom is gone, the ardor and the young impulse, but that which forms the basis of every man's and woman's happiness remains. On such foundation the two may venture to build their future happiness. Back into its old channel flows Theo's love; it may be with no strong, rushing current, but none the less deep and pure. With her head on its old resting place, she gives herself up calmly and thankfully to the joy of her new life. Let us withdraw softly, as from a scene of peace one would not wish to disturb; carrying with us the feeling that the sweetness of the later draught fully compensates for the bitterness of all that preceded it.

A SCENE IN CHURCH.—Meddling with others sometimes brings us into scrapes, and thereby one of the elders of the church made "bad worse." A young fellow entered the church, and took his seat with his hat on. An elder, noticing it, stepped up, and requested him to take it off. His request not being complied with, he came to the young man the second time, and, seeing he still hesitated, the elder gently lifted it off, when to his (the elder's) chagrin, out rolled *a quart of shellbarks* on the floor, making more noise than was consistent with the rules of the church. "Man," quietly responded the young man, "see what you have done!"

☞ A class was reciting a lesson in metaphysics—the chapter, on *motives* operating on the human will—when a mackerel vender went by, shouting, "Mackerel, fine fresh mackerel!" Suddenly disturbed by the noise, the master inquired of the class what *motive* the man had for making such a noise. No answer being given, he said they must be *deaf* as *haddocks*, and *flat* as *flounders*, not to perceive that it was a *sell fish* motive.

ABOUT RIGHT.—A friend of mine has a wife who inflicts upon him every season two or three immense evening parties. At one of those parties, he was standing in a very forlorn condition, leaning against the chimney-piece, when a gentleman, coming up to him, said, "Sir, as neither of us are acquainted here, I think we had better go home!"

☞ CURE FOR HIOCCOUGH.—Dr. Pretty, an English physician, claims to have found a very simple means of arresting the hiccough. It is sufficient to squeeze the wrist, preferably that of the right hand, with a piece of string, or with the forefinger and thumb of the other hand.

☞ Marie Antoinette's work-table sold in Paris recently for twelve thousand dollars!

P. P. P.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Which, according to my rendering, reads—*Pretty—Poor—Punctuation.*

It is very generally understood, I believe, by those who have ever waded through Lindley Murray as far as Rule XXXVII., that the laws of punctuation are as arbitrary as the laws of life. But it is not nearly so generally understood that we do so twist and transpose the English language—every man and woman of us who attempt to speak or write it—torturing its genius to conform to our ideas, instead of bringing ourselves up to the correct standard, until the rule can never be applied in two instances alike.

Any editor of a literary paper or magazine, with a single year's experience, is a competent witness to prove that not more than four out of every forty who scribble for bread or notoriety, have any more correct ideas of punctuation than a Patagonian has of Paradise. One profound thinker, leaving out the h, drives on over three pages of foolscap without a single dot of punctuation. Another perpetrates one line periods, bringing us to "down brakes" at the end of every line, as abruptly as if we had checked up against a dead wall at thirty miles an hour speed.

No. 3 keeps up a continuous string of exclamation points—eternally screaming at something that requires no screaming at whatever. A good many affect the *dash*ing style of punctuation, slipping in one m, two, three, and half-line dashes indiscriminately, *dashing* paragraphs into spasmodic nonsense.

The *semicolon* was my *forte* and foible for a good many years. I had the semicolon chronic, but I am happily rid of it. I have an idea that I shall never quirk my pen into another semicolon after I shall have got through with this communication.

When I began first to write for the public, a literary friend in whom I had all faith said to me one day:

"Young man, in all your writings, dash in semicolons. They are the beauty of composition. They will transform nonsense into sound sense, bring order out of chaos, make sublimity out of the softest trash you can write. Douse in plenty of semicolons, and you'll always pass."

Believing all that, as I did the Gospel according to St. Luke, I mounted *Semicolon* as my hobby, and went on for years sowing semicolons broadcast, to the utter disgust, I have no doubt, of thousands of better-bred people. And there was no one honest enough—no one having the peace of society and my own good sufficiently at heart—to admonish me of my error.

Thus I went on, the semicolon malady becoming chronic, the pestilential quirk-o-gees of everlasting semicolons, peppering quires of MSS. with no more order than a moonlight flight of blackbirds.

At length, one day not very long since, in a bit of discussion with Mr. Peterson, one of the publishers of THE POST, that gentleman looked me squarely and steadily in the eye, and observed resolutely—just as I always like to have a man, or woman either, talk to me:

"Cosmo—there is one thing which you do that is awful."

"Why—what is that, sir?"

"You chuck in semicolons abominably. Semicolons enough in one of your sixteen page MSS. to supply all that would be needed for the entire paper."

I was astonished. I knew myself to be an extensive dealer in semicolons, but I had no idea that I scattered them so liberally as that.

"I'll see about this thing when I go home," I said, and I did. I took four pages of MSS., letter-size, which had been written for THE POST, and went into an investigation. I counted all the punctuation points, and here is the result:

;;;;;;;;; — ? ; . ;;; ! , ;;;; ; ; . ;;;;;;;; — ; ? ;; — , ! — . ;;;;; , — ; ;; ? ! — ;;;;;;; . ; ! ;; — , ; ;;;; .

There they are—a semicolon brigade. Their appearance in manuscript is much like a staff of Madagascar music. I have scarcely an idea what it will be like in print if it ever gets there.

Printers, as a rule, are very correct punctuationists, but they do make sad slaughter of sensible English sometimes. I give a brace of instances in which mine was murdered recently. I have an idea that it was done with malice aforethought. In both instances "copy" was followed to the letter, but not to the *comma*:

"The principal actors in the drama were a monstrous bull run crazed with a beautiful girl, flying for life."

Now I didn't put that comma after *girl*, but I did put it after *crazed*, and the printer moved it along down. Again:

"It was the man who had married the lovely Lucile an old skeleton worn-out mare, for his companion."

Don't you see how the rascally printer remorselessly made a *mare* out of the "*lovely Lucile?*"

Punctually yours, COSMO.

☞ SLOW AND SURE.—Once, at Mr. Rogers's table, I was talking with one of his guests about the speed with which some authors composed, and the slowness of others. I then turned to our host, and, much to his surprise, inquired how many lines a day on the average a poet usually wrote. My friend, when his astonishment had a little subsided, very good-naturedly gave us the result of his own experience. He said that he had never written more than four lines of verse in one day of his life. This I can easily understand; for Mr. Rogers's taste was the most fastidious, as well as the most just, I ever met with.—*Charles Knight.*

☞ A woman called on an attorney in Williamsport, Pa., on Thursday last, and requested his assistance in collecting bounty and pay for two husbands who had been killed during the rebellion. Her third husband accompanied her.

☞ The "Echoes of Purgatory" is the title of a cheerful paper printed at Bologna. The title and place of publication suggests something highly seasoned.

☞ Misery is the crucible into which destiny casts a man whenever she desires a scoundrel or a demi-god.

☞ AN AFFECTIONATE HUSBAND.—There is an undertaker in Newbern, who is also an embalmer, and when his wife died he exercised his art upon her remains in his best style, and now keeps her in his room to exhibit as a specimen of his art, tapping her upon the forehead to show its firmness, and saying, "This is all there is of my poor Betsy."

☞ FINDING OUT AGES.—At a tea-party last week, at the residence of Miss ——— (our gallantry forbids us to divulge the name), there were present nine old ladies, whose united ages amount, it is computed, to six hundred and fifty years. The evidence on which this estimate is based, has been obtained by questioning each member of the party, separately and in private, and tempting her to make confession (in, of course, the strictest secrecy) of the ages of her friends. It is a somewhat curious fact that the number of years to which each lady herself owned in the aggregate amount to three hundred and thirteen.

PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.—Chloasma, or Mothpatch (also called Liverspot), and Lentigo, or Freckles, are often very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, for the discolored spots show more plainly on the face of a blonde than of a brunette; but they greatly mar the beauty of either, and any preparation that will effectually remove them, *without injuring the texture or color of the skin*, is certainly a desideratum. Dr. B. C. PERRY, who has made diseases of the skin a speciality, has discovered a remedy for these discolorations which is at once prompt, infallible, and harmless

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THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF ENAMELLING THE SKIN.—HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 8th St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

WIVES, MOTHERS, AND SISTERS, whose husbands, sons, and brothers are serving in the army, cannot put into their knapsacks a more necessary or valuable gift than a few boxes of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. They insure health even under the exposures of a soldier's life. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 25 cents, 62 cts., and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

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THERE OF COX'S INVALUABLE DYSPEPTIC PILLS, taken one at a time, will effect a certain cure. Dyspeptics should apply for them at once to Samuel C. Hart, 24 South Second street, below Market, Philadelphia.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There is very little demand for Flour either for shipment or home use. The week's sales comprise some 10,000 bbls, ranging from $6 25 to $6,75 for superfine; $7 a7,50 for extra; $7,75a8,50 for extra family; and $9a11 for fancy brands as in quality. Rye Flour and Corn Meal—Sales of the former at $5a5,25, and 300 bbls Pennsylvania, and $300 bbls Brandywine Meal on terms kept private.

GRAIN—There is rather more Wheat offering, with sales of some 20,000 bus at $1,85a1,93 for good and choice reds, and $2a2,20 for white. Rye—Small sales at 95a96c. Corn—Sales 35,000 bus at 95a96c for yellow, and 87a91c for white. Oats—About 28,000 bus have been disposed of at 70a75c for Pennsylvania and Delaware.

PROVISIONS are held with more firmness, with small sales of Mess Pork at $30a32, and Beef at $15a20 for Country and city Mess. Of Beef Hams, sales are reported at $27a28 ₩ bbl. Bacon is moving off in lots to the trade at 20a23c for plain and fancy Hams, and 16a17c for Shoulders. Green Meats are selling at 14½a14½c for Shoulders in salt, and 18a20c for salt and pickled Hams. Lard—Sales at 17½a18½c for bbls and tierces, and 20a21c for kegs. Butter continues dull at 18a23c for packed: choice lots are held at 30a31c. Cheese at 15a18c ₩ lb, as in quality. Eggs are worth 26c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The week's sales reach about 450 bales, in lots, at equal to 44a47c for Middlings.

BARK—Quercitron is scarce at $30 for 1st No. 1. Tanners' Bark is steady.

BEESWAX—Sales at 43c ₩ lb.

COAL—The demand, both for shipment and home use, is limited, and prices unsettled and nominally $5a5 50 ₩ ton, on board at Richmond.

COFFEE—The market is firm but dull. Sales, mostly Rio, at 21½a22½, gold.

FEATHERS are selling at 61a62½c ₩ lb, the latter for good Western.

FRUIT—Dried Fruit is not inquired for. The market is well supplied with Strawberries and Cherries.

HAY is moving off at $30 ₩ ton.

HOPS—sales at from 35 to 45c.

IRON—The sales are mostly confined to small lots of Pig Metal at $25a27 for the three numbers of Anthracite, the latter for good No 1, which is quoted at $35.

LUMBER—The market is firm; sales of White Pine at $28a30; Yellow Sap $25a26; Lehigh Hemlock Boards at $18a20, and rafted do at $12a14 ₩ M for Scantling.

MOLASSES is dull at 40a43c for Cuba, and 67a70c for Porto Rico.

OILS—Petroleum is rather more active, and sales of 500 bbls are reported at 32a33c for crude, according to gravity; 50a54c for refined.

PLASTER is quoted at $3,50a3,75 ₩ ton.

RICE is selling at 10a10½c for Rangoon.

SEEDS—There is little or nothing doing in Clover or Timothy. Flaxseed is at $2,25a2,30 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is nominally held at $2,30a2,35 ₩ gal. Whiskey—Sales of bbls at $2,04a2,07.

SUGARS—Sales of about 1,800 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico, at 15½a15¾c.

TALLOW is firm at 10½a10½c ₩ lb.

WOOL—The market is very quiet, at from 63 to 70c for common and fine fleece. Some small lots of new have been disposed of at 60a65c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 850 head. The prices realized from $14,50 to 19 50 ₩ 100 lbs. 1500 Hogs at from $11 to 12 00 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—800 head were disposed of at from 6 to 7 cts ₩ lb. 120 Cows brought from $25 to 55 ₩ head.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, JOHN L. B. YOUNG, M. D., to Miss SARAH TRIMBLE, both of this city.

On the 20th of May, by the Rev. S. W. Thomas, Mr. BENJAMIN WHALEY to Miss MARY A. GRAY, both of this city.

On the 24th of Nov., 1864, by the Rev. J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. GRIFFITH FRITZINGER to Miss SARAH KEANEY, both of this city.

On the 25th of May, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. WILLIAM H. GLARNER to Miss ELLEN M. WEBER, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. S. H. Meade, Mr. WILLIAM ECKERSALL to Miss ALICE HILTON, both of this city.

On the 31st of May, by the Rev. Dr. Greenbank, Mr. JOHN HAY, of the Isle of Man, to Mrs. ELIZABETH SALE, of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Saml. J. Baird, Mr. JAMES R. KENTER, of this city, to Miss SALLIE E. HUGLINGS, of Woodbury, N. J.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, JAMES E. ORNE, in his 22d year.

On the 5th instant, the Rev. JOHN A. VAUGHAN, D. D., in his 74th year.

On the 6th instant, EMILY, daughter of Geo. and Elizabeth Richards, in her 20th year.

On the 5th instant, BENJAMIN R. STIMELS, in his 68th year.

On 6th month, 5th instant, NATHAN F. PERRY, in his 41st year.

On the 5th instant, SARAH SANDMAN, in her 81st year.

On the 4th instant, SARAH, wife of James Little, aged 53 years.

On the 3d instant, JOSEPH YEAGER, Sr., aged 72 years.

On the 3d instant, ANNER B. MILLER, of Co. K, 121st regt., P. V., in his 20th year.

On the 3d instant, MARY B., wife of Geo. E. Hall, in her 32d year.

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7-30 Loan.

THIRD SERIES,
$230,000,000.

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned, the General Subscription Agent for the sale of United States Securities, offers to the public the third series of Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

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The interest at 7-30 per cent. amounts to

One cent per day on a	$50 note.
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Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions.

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GREAT POPULAR LOAN OF THE PEOPLE.

Less than $230,000,000 of the Loan authorized by Congress are now on the market. This amount, at the rate at which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within sixty days, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the Loan, the National Banks, State Banks and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,
SUBSCRIPTION AGENT,
No. 114 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
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ap22-3m

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HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,
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These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 2 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
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Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

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Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
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Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
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Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $51) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,
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DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, feb27-tf 109 Nassau street, New York City.

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A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVED GOLD-PLATED WATCH, Double case, Lever Cap, Small Size, White Enamelled Dial, Cut Hands, "*English Movements*," and Correct Timekeeper, with an accurate "*Miniature Calendar*," indicating the *Day of the Week, Month, &c.*, in back case. A single one sent free, by mail, to any part of the country, in neat case, WITH A BEAUTIFUL VEST CHAIN, *for* only $10.

A neat SILVER WATCH, same as above, with the Miniature Calendar, &c., specially adapted to the ARMY. Sent free, by mail, to any part of the country, for only $7.

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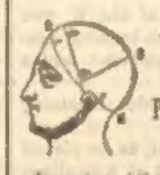

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For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. ned-eowly

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I was troubled in January last with costiveness for several days, and took ten grains of calomel to obtain relief. I caught cold, I suppose; at any rate, a severe diarrhœa set in, which my medical attendant found it impossible to arrest. This was followed by dysentery. My strength was all gone. Everything passed through me as I took it. A friend from New York, Mr. George Lewis, fortunately called on me and advised Brandreth's Pills. I thought, in my weakened condition, one pill would be enough; but he administered four, and the next morning four more. Much impurity came from me, and, to my surprise, the soreness and pain diminished. One box cured me fully. I am now hearty, with a fine appetite. You are at liberty to publish this.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York. ASK FOR NEW STYLE.

Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.

Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. je3-2teow

NO HARDEE-HOOD

On the part of the South can prevent the success of the Union arms. Grant and Sherman's policy, like

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

Everywhere establishes colors which are beautiful in the people's eyes. The hues of the National Flag are those of Heaven, but among all the dyes of Earth there is none save CRISTADORO'S that produces instantaneously perfect fac similes of nature's every shade of black and brown.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
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Sold by Druggists. Applied by all Hair Dressers. Price, $1, $1,50 and $2 per box, according to size.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative

Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the hair.

Price, 50 cents, $1 and $2 per bottle, according to size. je3-2teow

USE OF TOBACCO

In all its forms CURED AND PREVENTED. The medicine sent free, by mail, for FIFTY CENTS—five for Two DOLLARS, by DAY & SON,
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DRS. BASSETT & DOWN, Dentists, Oculists, and Aurists. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Platina, and Vulcanite, $5 to $50. Teeth filled with Gold, Silver, and Bone Filling, 50c to $1. Repairing. References Office, 945 Ninth St., below Locust. Letters receive attention. mar25-3m

AGENTS WANTED.—$10 per day clear profit. For particulars, enclose red stamp to WM. EARL, 19 White St., New York. ap15-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

The Thief's Plea.

"Well, sir," said the City Judge to a prisoner charged with stealing, "it appears to me that I've seen you before. Your figure-head looks very familiar. Have you been here before?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many times?"

"Not over a dozen."

"Ah! you old rogue, I thought so. Weren't you before me once for stealing a shawl?"

"Yes, sir."

"And a watch?"

"I remember something about it."

"And a breastpin?"

"I shouldn't be surprised."

"And a case of boots?"

"I do recollect that time!"

"And some pieces of drygoods, if I am not mistaken?"

"Well, you han't!"

"And an old gentleman's wallet?"

"That's so, your Honor."

"And on one occasion a barrel of cider?"

"Only one."

"And about a year ago, a horse and wagon?"

"Quite likely."

"And here you are, up for stealing old junk, this time. Upon my conscience! What excuse have you?"

"A very good one, your Honor."

"What one? Necessity?"

"Not exactly."

"Then what?"

"Your own advice."

"My advice? How dare you? Bold fellow! You've been here so many times you've got familiar, and grown saucy."

"I say I acted upon your advice, and I stick to it."

"To steal! Tell me when I advised you to steal."

"Every time I've been brought before you, the evidence was not sufficient, and you discharged me, and said: 'Go about your business!' and I did. My business is stealing; I only followed your orders."

"Well, sir," now said the astonished Judge, "the evidence is not sufficient this time, either, and you are discharged, you lucky rogue. But take care you don't stick to business so close, hereafter, or you may find you've overworked yourself, and I shall have to send you to a hospital."

Dawson's Ale.

"Will you give me a glass of ale, if you please?" asked a rather seedyish-looking person, with an old but well-brushed coat and a most *too* shiny hat.

It was produced by the bar-tender, creaming over the edge of the tumbler.

"Thank ye," said the recipient, as he placed it to his lips. Having finished it at a swallow, he smacked his lips and said, "This is very fine ale, very. Whose is it?"

"It is Dawson's ale."

"Ah! Dawson's, eh? Well, give us another glass of it."

It was done; and holding it up to the light and looking through it, the connoisseur said,

"'Pon my word, it is superb ale—*superb!*—clear as Maderia. I must have some more of that. Give me a *mug* of it."

The mug was furnished, but before putting it to his lips, the imbiber said,

"*Whose* ale did you say this was?"

"Dawson's," repeated the bar-tender.

The mug was exhausted, and also the vocabulary of praise, and it only remained for the appreciative gentleman to say, as he wiped his mouth and went toward the door—

"Dawson's ale, is it? I *know* Dawson very well. I shall see him soon, and will settle with *him* for the two glasses and a mug of his incomparable brew. Good-mawning!"

A Letter of Lodgings.

Pau is a curious town, a favorite resort of invalids and idlers, whose population consists of a certain number of inhabitants, and a very great many strangers. Everybody lets furnished apartments, from the humblest citizen to the highest personages. Generals, counts and marquises advertise their rooms "with a south aspect and a fine view of the Pyrenees." There is no harm in this; it is convenient, but it lately gave occasion for a sharp retort:—

Madame C——, the wife of one of the richest merchants in Paris, was remarked by the elegance of her dress. Such elegance, displayed by a simple commoner, displeased a noble dame of Pau, Madame la Comtesse d'Asterisk.

"What do you call that?" she said, contemptuously glancing at the Parisienne.

"That is Madame C——," was replied to her.

"Ah, yes, I know," the Comtesse answered. "She's a linen draper."

Madame C——, who overheard every word of the conversation, inquired, in turn, loud enough to be heard, and pointing her finger to the haughty lady—

"What do you call that?"

"It is Madame d'Asterisk."

"Ah, yes, I know. She's a letter of lodgings. We think of taking her rooms next season."

A NEW KIND OF SPRING.—A friend of ours, residing not far from Lake T——, has near her house a fine mineral spring, supposed to contain great medicinal virtues. She has been in the habit of receiving bottles from an old gent across the lake to be filled with the water. As each batch of bottles would arrive, so would complaints that the water lost its medicinal properties on the route. At last, by way of a joke, she filled one with a mixture of water, molasses, cream tartar and whiskey, and sent him word that it would retain its strength. As luck would have it, he sent that bottle, without examining it, to be analyzed. By return express he received a letter advising him by all means to buy that spring, as a *whiskey cocktail* spring was a valuable piece of property.

☞ During the stormy days of 1848, two stalwart mobocrats entered the bank of the late Baron Anselm Rothschild, at Frankfort. "You have millions on millions," said they to him, "and we have nothing. You must divide with us." "Very well; what do you suppose the firm of Rothschild is worth?" "About forty millions of florins." "Forty millions, you think, eh? Now, then, there are forty millions of people in Germany; that will be a florin apiece. Here's yours."

AN EXPERIMENT SUGGESTED FOR THE MEDIUMS.

Place Them in an Apparatus Like the Above, and Keep Them There Until the Spirits Release Them.

FEMALE MEDIUM (a favorite of the Spiritual Magazine).—"Oh, dear, Mr. Gammon, don't yer wish there was some sperrits present?"

A HANDY ARTICLE.—Adam Shoemaker, a number of years ago, came to Huntington Furnace, and seeing there, for the first time, a pair of snuffers, he asked—

"What's them for?"

"To snuff the candle."

The candle just then needed attention, and Adam, with his thumb and finger pinched off the snuff, and carefully poked it into the snuffers, saying—

"Well, now, them's handy."

HINTS FOR MOTTOES.—For publicans—Love me, love my grog.

For cooks—Onion is strength.

For bakers—Early to bed and early to rise.

For undertakers—Always say die.

For thieves—True as steel.

For hair-dressers—Two heads are better than one.

For garroters—Neck or nothing.

For opticians—Mind your eye.

☞ Never marry a *clever* woman. The reason *why* is self-evident—she is sure to turn out not a better-half merely, but in fact a masterpiece.

FOOTSTEPS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY SHIRLEY CLAIR.

Methinks I hear a pleasant sound
As I sit in my easy chair;
Of little feet that go pattering round,
Through the rooms and over the chair,
Wandering hither, wandering there,
Busily all the day.

Pit-pat they bring close to my chair
A bright baby form of airy grace,
With soft silken rings of jetty hair,
And sweet blue eyes raised to my face—
As seeking there they sought to trace
A welcoming smile of love.

A dimpled hand whose fingers twine
Around my own to climb my knee,
And rose bud lips that cling to mine
Then laugh aloud in childlike glee
As though those pleading eyes could see
The answering love in mine.

My darling child! ah! can it be
I'll hear thy pattering feet no more,
No more thy happy face will see,
As tripping through my study door
You came so oft in days before
To clamber on my knee.

Was it a dream, that picture fair,
That passed my tear dimmed eyes before?
Nought but a vision born of air,
That wearing the robes that *angels* wore,
Passed from our household out of the door
Unto the shining land!

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Order.

Whatever our avocation may be, it is always a saving principle to systemize our business. The agriculturist—no matter whether he cultivates one acre or one thousand, will find it always advantageous to so systemize his management that everything shall fall into regular routine in its proper order and season.

The same rule applies to agricultural journals and all miscellaneous papers which devote a portion of their space to agricultural pursuits. It is just as easy, and ten times better on several accounts, to systemize, and afford always to the reader, seasonable material, instead of making a column, page, or the whole sheet a "hotch potch" jumble of incongruities—a veritable Jack Junk's locker, from which everything we don't want first comes out uppermost.

It is common enough to find in journals devoted in part, or wholly perhaps, to agriculture, ploughing in January, ice harvesting in August, hay cutting in December, fruit gathering in April—sheep breeding, saw-mill improvements, army news, rural architecture, adventures in Hindostan, politics, horse-rakes, home missions, poultry, iron-clads, carpet weaving, with an honest four dozen articles besides, all jumbled in as if the whole batch had taken twenty-three turns in a lottery wheel, and had been pitched into print, in the order they happened to fall out of the wheel.

We may be, and too frequently are, slovenly enough in our agricultural management, observing little of Nature's first law in conducting our farm labors. Nevertheless, we are never quite satisfied with slovenly, ill-arranged, ill-timed instructions, and if there is a better arranged system than we have been accustomed to, we are pretty sure to say to our old teachers—"You can go. Your slovenly, out-of-season teachings don't quite suit us. We have found a better instructor, and are going to employ him. Good-bye, sir."

Drawing conclusions from such conditions, our resolution is taken—a sensible one you will say—that though we have but a column to devote to agricultural matters, we will so systemize it as to present our material in its proper season and always as near perfect in order as we can arrange it.

Corn Cultivating.

As the first cultivation of the cornfield comes in, or ought to always, before it is time to put a mower into the meadow, let us have a few moments chat upon that topic. Possibly we may be able to suggest an idea or two worth remembering and acting upon, even by a veteran corn planter.

If you run a toothed or shovel-foot cultivator over the rows—as is probably the best plan in the first cultivation, do the best you can and you will of necessity knock down and half-cover up with clods and lumps, a good many of the plants. Don't think of following that common slovenly practice of kicking out and up to a perpendicular with your great clumsy boot the crushed plants. You can never do it properly. You have quite as much as you can possibly attend to in guiding and trotting on after that fast-stepping horse. The corn plants at this stage of life are tender, delicate little chaps, incapable of any very stout resistance to personal violence, and the chances are that in your random kicking, you will in a day's travel have kicked out of existence ten times more incipent corn than at maturity would have paid the services of a nimble lad, or a one-armed disbanded volunteer, who might follow behind the cultivator and carefully set up the crushed plants in such a manner that not one in a hundred would be lost.

In a reasonable discussion of the subject, every farmer will honestly admit that the growing corn-crop is always subject to quite enough vicissitudes and danger of annihilation without kicking it to death.

If you prefer to run a "shovel," or light furrow plough, between the rows at the first cultivation, please bear in mind that in this early stage of corn-life you may run the implement a great deal closer to the plants than you will be able to do after the roots begin to shoot off in search of food, and consequently now is the time for close cultivation.

By all means employ an intelligent and reliable runner after the plough, and impress upon him the importance of taking off cleanly every broken, crushed and mutilated blade. To let them remain hanging to the stock is very much to the plant as the swinging of a crushed mangled limb would be to yourself, very damaging to the constitution.

At the second and third cultivation, you need not be quite so tender. The plants have put on vigor and hardihood that will enable them to bear better your careless, rough assaults—only don't go too close to them, and please bear in mind always, that corn is not a potato, nor anything like one. It never requires "hilling up." The main object is to kill off the weeds, that they shall not rob the growing grain.

Preparing for Buckwheat.

An acre or so of buckwheat is becoming an indispensable crop with all considerate farmers everywhere. It would be to the advantage of farmers in general to put in something more than an acre or so of buckwheat every year, considering the value and advantages of the crop.

Please bear in mind that buckwheat flour in these "latter days," ranges in price just about on an equality with wheat flour; that the grain fed to fowls during the winter, where eggs or fat poultry are the objects to be achieved, is about the best and most economical that can be given; that, boiled with unmarketable potatoes, and mashed up with them, it is a capital and cheap food for store hogs during the winter. And then assuming that a crop of buckwheat will benefit the ground on which it is grown to an extent about equal to the whole cost of producing the crop, the argument is in favor of growing the material more generally.

Buckwheat being of that class of plants that draw, to a great extent, their sustenance from the atmosphere by the absorption of carbonaceous food through its abundant foliage, it does not require a highly fertilized soil to produce a maximum crop. Indeed, a thin soil, sparingly manured, is preferable, as land very rich induces a rank growth of straw, an overstock of leaves, and a minimum yield of grain.

As you will want to get your buckwheat in the ground early in July, it is better that you determine now where you will put it, and prepare the ground by odd times that will not interfere much with the regular farm duties of the season. If the ground be a light pasture sward and thin soil, plough as early as possible, shallow furrows, turning the sod fairly under. Land of last year's cultivation may be ploughed later, and something deeper.

After the ploughing, suffer the ground to lie until a day or two before sowing time; when it is best to plough shallow across the original furrows, follow the ploughing directly with the seeding, and harrow in the direction of the last ploughing.

War on Weeds.

As, during the month of June, almost all the weed pests that haunt the borders of civilization will be in bloom, and a great deal more readily exterminated than at any other season, now is the time to wage relentless war upon the common enemy.

June is a busy month certainly, for us delvers in the soil—many another call upon our time. Nevertheless, we may snatch odd minutes now and then, to deal many a slashing blow among the weed ranks that environ us, and mendaciously usurp our soil. Strike out lustily on every hand, and spare not, and teach our children, even down to little toddling Dick and Mattie, to smite without mercy at every pestiferous thistle, dock, cockle, burr, mullin, pigweed and "poke" stalk, that presumes to contest with them the right of territory. Arm the youngsters with case-knives, and encourage them to slash away among the weeds. Teach them that every weed of them all is an impudent intruder upon their rights, worthy of death without mercy. Remember that in every weed destroyed at this season you have cut off thousands in next year's generation.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Madeline's Kitchen Cabinet.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Garden Exercises

Being out here, still in garden gear, broad brimmed felt, rubber gloves, dress, what you will, that defies pen brush, belligerent rose bushes, and a slight smudge of clean earth occasionally, stout, stamping "balmorals," and a—hoe, the weather lovely, the time auspicious, let us take a look about the vegetable garden for an hour's pleasant and profitable employment. It is all for the benefit of the kitchen department, you know. And *our* own too, for in an hour's out-door, garden exercise on such a bright, beautiful morning, we shall imbibe health, inhale vigor, put on muscle, shout with the glad birds, *hilaritieur*—more than we could do in a month of parlor and pavement exercise.

Let's see—what shall we begin at, and where?

Ah, here is our bed of Silecia Lettuce—the very best of all the lettuce family for summer salads, if properly reared. It remains a long time delicate, sweet, crisp and tender, contains comparatively nothing of the narcotic principles found so abundantly in the other lettuces, and feast upon it as we will, it never induces a sleepy dullness.

Now when the plants are well set, let us begin with the bed, thinning out and evenly distributing the plants by setting those we have plucked out, in spaces too wide, until we have them standing as regularly as a company of drilled veterans, six inches asunder. Whenever a plant begins to shoot up a little central spike, it begins to threaten—"now I am going to seed." Stop that. Educate the plant better. Gently nip off with a pinch the ambitious anther, and bring out lateral development. The plant will expand into a broad, squat, solid fellow, like a Dutch burgomaster, and as tender hearted as you can desire.

Loosen and pulverize the earth all in among and close to the plants. Save up cook's greasy, soapy dish-water, and give the silecia bed a thorough sun-down bath with it twice a week. Silecia thrives wonderfully on greasy dish-water.

If I were my own, or anybody's empress, I'd have my Silecia Lettuce bed for July and August salads, and cultivate it with my own hands too. "Vulgar, unladylike to work among plebeian vegetables," do you say? Pshaw—nonsense. Why not cultivate a potato or a cabbage, as well as a carnation, or a *sygo petalum?*

What more impropriety in improving a vegetable to put into the mouth, than a flower to simply put up to your nose? My dear madam or miss, it is your ideas that are false, rather than my practice that is vulgar.

Ah! I had forgotten it. I must run into the kitchen now, and prepare my

Sandwiched Cucumbers.

"Dick will be into his breakfast in twenty minutes or so, and he'd be disappointed if he shouldn't get his nice cucumber sandwiches. He likes them always for breakfast at this season of the year."

"Cucumber sandwiches—why that is something I never heard of before."

"No, I dare say. But you shall, and taste of it too, if you'll only come into the kitchen, and stay to breakfast with us. Sit down anywhere, madam. Don't be afraid of soiling that delicate *peu de soi*. There is no contamination here. You may mop this plue, kitchen table with your handkerchief, and find no darker tint upon its immaculate lace border. Not that I assume any superiority in kitchen economy. It is all Norah's neatness.

Norah is a jewel, a model of order and neatness. But she has not taken her degree yet in sandwiching cucumbers, quite to Dick's taste. So if you can sit quiet and look on, you may learn how I achieve our favorite summer breakfast dish.

You see I cut these butcher's slices of veal cutlets through the centre, making two slices out of one. They are too thick by half as the butcher cuts them. Now just take a look into this jar. Beautiful, isn't it? That is such *drippings* as cooks and housekeepers generally throw into the soap grease tub or swill-bucket. It has been clarified beautifully, as you see, by Norah, and is far cheaper than lard or butter—a great deal better, too, for many cooking purposes, particularly for frying fish, potatoes, and veal cutlets.

Now, while my cutlets are cooking nice and brown, you see I pare these fine, crisp cucumbers, fresh from the vine, slice them lengthwise a quarter of an inch thick, sprinkle with salt, dust with pepper, and taking the nicely browned cutlets from the pan, I lay in the slices of cucumbers, fry both sides as brown as the cutlets, and then placing two slices of the cucumbers between every two of cutlets, and place the sandwiches in a deep plate, covering them closely, and set them where they will keep hot, for ten minutes or so, before sending to the table.

The cucumbers absorb the flavor of the veal, and give their own in exchange to the meat, and between the two, and proper cooking, we have a most capital cucumber sandwich.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 38 letters.
My 29, 12, 18, 14, 17, 2, 22, 1, 34, 17, is a large Western city.
My 31, 4, 35, 5, 15, 33, is a county in Kentucky.
My 28, 7, 20, 6, 12, 10, is my nickname.
My 9, 12, 29, 37, 17, 28, 19, is a river which flows by our town.
My 16, 12, 21, 9, 17, 3, is a musical instrument.
My 27, 32, 18, 26, 35, 36, 23, 33, is one of the United States.
My 8, 17, 3, 35, 20, 24, is a space of time.
My 34, 11, 27, is a number.
My 13, 30, 5, is a rowdy.
My 19, 15, 30, 13, 24, is a fowl.
My whole is the name and address of a lady reader and admirer of "THE POST."

Riddle.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a word, a short, but lovely word,
Whose mention brings the sweetest thoughts in play;
'Tis used in childhood, it is frequent heard
In vigorous youth, in manhood's riper day.
It calms the infant's troubled mind,
When darkling dreams or fears affright;
It is in youthful hearts enshrined,
A beacon fire to guide their steps aright.
It lends a sparkle to pleasure's cup,
Heightens each joy which Heaven bestows;
Sweeter than flowers which bees do sup,
And richer by far than citron groves.
'Twas heard on Golgotha's gloomy plain,
Falling from lips that spake no ill,
To one whose life was freed from stain,
Who felt for all a pure good will. PIKE.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an important feature,
To either man or beast;
My second always does begin
When the light breaks in the East.
My third is an agricultural tool,
That is used in tilling ground.
My whole is one of the Territories
Within our country's bounds.
Robbinsville, N. J. J. L. SINGLETON.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first belongs only to a young or unmarried female.
My second is a near relative.
My third means to taste.
My fourth is found at the pastry-cook shop.
My whole is in this country.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A hollow copper ball, 50 inches in diameter, was placed in a pool of common water, and just sank to its centre. Required, the thickness of copper of which the ball was made.

JAS. M. GREENWOOD.

Paulville, Adair Co., Mo.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are 2 numbers, such that if we subtract the square of the lesser from the square of the greater, twice this difference is one less than the square of the lesser number, and three times the said difference is one less than the square of the greater number. These two numbers answering these conditions are requested.

☞ An answer is requested. X.

Diophantine Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Find two numbers such that if 7 times the square of the second be both added and subtracted from the square of the first, the sum and remainder shall both be squares.

MORGAN STEVENS.

Round Grove, Scott Co., Iowa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What time is that which, spelt backwards and forwards, is the same? Ans—Noon.

☞ What part of a fish is like the end of a book? Ans.—The fin-is.

☞ Why is a badly-conducted hotel like a fiddle? Ans.—Because it is a *vile inn*.

☞ What is the difference between the color of a Quaker's coat and a tipsy woman? Ans.—One is a sober drab, and the other a drunken drab.

☞ Why is the letter *s* likely to prove dangerous in argument? Ans.—Because it turns *words* into *swords*.

Answers to Last.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—"By learning to obey, you know how to command." REBUS—Rain, (Rose, Apple, India, Nebuchadnezzar.) RIDDLE—"For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

Answer to PROBLEM by X., April 8th:—2 inches.—Morgan Stevens and Jas. M. Greenwood.

To A. Martin's, same date:—A travels 6; B, 3; drove 2, and the express 6 miles per hour.

To Gill Bates's, same date:—1166.17 cubic inches.—Morgan Stevens. G. B.'s answer, 1168.

To D. Diefenbach's, April 15th:—960 miles the second day, and decreases each subsequent day 1.25 of the distance passed over the day before.—J. N. Soders.

To R. J. McBride's, same date:—8½, 9½, and 13½.—J. N. Soders. 8, 12, and 13.—J. Eden, and Francis M. Priest. 16, 20, 21.—Jas. M. Greenwood. 38½, 41, and 43½.—M. Stevens.

To Capt. L. B. Chester's, same date:—823 miles, 6 furlongs; 11 days, 10 hours, 35 min.—J. Eden, Francis M. Priest, J. N. Soders, and J. M. Greenwood.